

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Castel Gondolfo

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

Story of Ann Veronica

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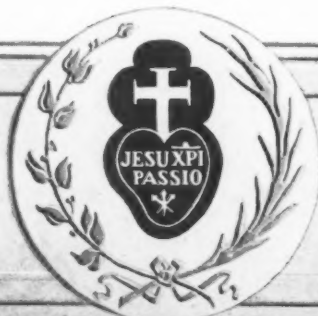
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Vol. 9, No. 2

September, 1929

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Dead-Hand Clutch

THE other day we received a small legacy for the benefit of our missions in China. The actual cash that came to us was exactly one-fourth of the amount specified in the donor's will. While, of course, we appreciate the gift and the goodness of the friend who so kindly remembered our work, it seems a pity that the wish of the testator in disposing of his property was to a considerable extent defeated.

Every day last wills and testaments are being contested; and many trust companies are using this fact as a strong appeal to the public to safeguard their money by the forming of a trust fund with a trust company as executor. Almost everyone is aware of the fact that millions of dollars left for philanthropic or charitable purposes are either diverted to other causes through legal technicalities or rendered useless for long periods by the clutch of dead hands. Mr. Ralph Hayes in his "Frozen Funds" states that it took thirty years to strike out a single clause in a will. Mr. Frick, of Standard Oil, years ago bequeathed a great sum of money to Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh. We understand that the will has not been settled yet and that when it is settled the hospital bequest shall have shrunk into considerably small proportions.

Cardinal Manning said that it was a poor will that did not mention God among its beneficiaries. Yet quite frequently we see wills of more or less prominent Catholic testators which leave nothing to charitable or religious institutes. How much private charity these testators have done, we cannot say. But if their charity and religious zeal is to be judged by the clauses of their wills they have had little indeed. Such Catholics are put to shame by our Jewish brethren. One hardly ever sees notice of a probation of a Jewish testator's will that does not carry one or more bequests in favor of charity, philanthropy or education.

To those Catholics whose means are limited and who are dependent upon all they own for their sustenance and the "rainy day," I suggest that a wise policy for them would be to take out one or more annuity bonds of some religious order or missionary institute. To other Catholics who possess more than they actually need or ever will need, for that matter, and who desire to leave something to the cause of Christ, it might be well to point out that the sooner such a gift be made the better. In fact, with all sorts of good causes clamoring for financial help it seems almost heartless to delay the giving.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Volume Nine

September, 1929

Number Two

Current Fact and Comment

Two Letters: A Parallel

THE generous readers of THE SIGN who so unselfishly contributed to the enlargement of Father Mark Moeslein's small school for colored children in Washington, North Carolina, will be pleased to learn that nearly all of the sum asked—\$10,000—has been given. May we draw attention to what seems to us to be a striking parallel between a letter received from Father Mark and another letter written nearly a hundred years ago. Both letters were written under pioneer conditions. Both carry the same inference. The italics in each are ours. Father Mark writes:

WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

May He Who promised to remember the drink of cold water given to the thirsty in His name, reward you for helping to bring the knowledge of the Faith to more children of the much despised and wronged American Negroes. It would make happy, Catholics who have been such from the cradle, could they see groups of these non-Catholic children bend the knee before the altar and hear them say: "*Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, we adore Thee! Please, dear Jesus, give us the gift of the Faith.*" May the Lord of Mercies hear their prayer. *Your charity helps to make possible such praying.*

Faithfully yours in Christ,
(REV.) MARK MOESLEIN, C.P.

The other letter was written from Grace-Dieu, England, on April 5, 1836. It was written by that enthusiastic convert, Mr. Ambrose Lisle Philipps, and was addressed to the Modern Apostle of England, Venerable Father Dominic Barberi, C.P., who received Newman into the Church, and who, we hope, shall be canonized in the not distant future. The letter is found in "The Life and Letters of Venerable Father Dominic, C.P.," by Urban Young, C.P. Mr. Philipps writes:

GRACE-DIEU, APRIL 5, 1836.

During last year I have joined with Lord Shrewsbury in founding a Monastery of Trappist monks near Grace-Dieu. . . . It seems that our Lord will do a great deal of good in England by means of these monks. In the neighborhood there are at this time a great many conversions. In less than a twelvemonth more than three hundred Protestants have embraced our Divine Faith in the parish of Grace-Dieu alone, and in every part of England the Catholic religion is making great progress. The Protestant ministers are raging with a degree of hatred and violence which can hardly be expressed. In this mission of Grace-Dieu we have already formed a Catholic school to educate children in the principles of the true Church, and it will console you to know that there are at present one hundred and sixty-six boys and girls in it. The most extraordinary thing is that these children are all born of Protestant parents, and these parents are well satisfied at seeing them educated in the Catholic Faith. *It was a most consoling thing to me to see these children come in procession to visit the Blessed Sacrament in the Sepulchre on Maundy Thursday, and to reflect that only one year ago they were without the light of faith.*

Your affectionate friend in Christ,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

It will be noted that each letter stresses the Blessed Sacrament in the spiritual lives of non-Catholic children. The Real Presence of Our Lord has always been "the magnet of souls." What Lord Iddesleigh recently said of England is equally true of America: "The presence of the Blessed Sacrament in the middle of an English village will ultimately convert that village." We emphasize this fact because it is the ardent desire of Father Mark to build a permanent and decent home for the Sacramental Christ in his poor mission. May we request that those who are interested in the building of such a home would send their offerings direct to Father Mark (112 West 9th St., Washington, North Carolina) or to THE SIGN.

The Searching Soul

ON MORE than one occasion we have been reproved for insisting on what has commonly become known as the "Bankruptcy of Protestantism." In using that term our intention has never been to wound the feelings of those many non-Catholics who are affiliated with various Protestant sects and who, we are convinced, have a sincere and intense love for Our Lord Jesus Christ. That official Protestantism is spiritually bankrupt could easily be proven by many of the secular and religious publications that reach our desk. As an example, take this letter written by Helen I. Dennis of Philadelphia to the Editor of *The Christian Century*:

May I ask a leading question on the basis of which I wish to ask for a bit of information? The question is, How many Protestant ministers are preaching ethics only and calling it religion? How can they who have ceased to preach salvation from damnation to eternal hell fire after death, as the true Christian theology, escape the charge that they have nothing left to preach but ethics or the second commandment?

I have listened in vain for Christian sermons on real religion, having to do with the first commandment concerned with man's relation to God. I have heard talk about the kingdom of God within but never any intelligent instruction about spiritual discipline in one's closet or prayer chamber, that would show the path to finding that God within.

Is it any wonder that thousands who outgrew the eternal hell dogma and were not satisfied with ethics alone, dropped out of the churches and took up so-called "treatments" taught by Christian and mental scientists whose teachings were based on the unity between man's soul and God? But who wants to use the powers thus invoked or evoked for material and worldly ends as they do? It is ungodly, and why isn't the church showing the godly way to practice the first commandment to "love God with our minds?" Should it not be the prime mission of the church to teach the true meditational prayer for spiritual ends, instead of and to offset the stepping down to worldly pleasures and prosperity? Should not the church have some logical teaching about what the spiritual evolution of man consists in, above and beyond the sharing of this world's goods with our fellow men?

No wonder the missionaries are devoting their chief energies to sanitary and worldly benefits. The church teachings provide only that. Praise be that they are doing this good work, as you cannot talk religion to a hungry man, but what has modern Protestantism to offer when they have fed and clothed him, except a civilized and material unselfishness?

Where are the churches in Protestantism that are fostering intelligent methods of the practice of the presence of God in every day life? Where are the churches that are defining and preaching an ideal that puts prosperity where it belongs, as a means to an end, and not an end in itself? Where are the churches that teach how to worship God in spirit and in truth and not merely talk about it? Where are the churches that teach one to find the mystical Christ or to try to in some intelligent way?

If there is one such in this city I live in, I should like to join forces with it. Where is it?

"Where is it?" In the City of Brotherly Love, and probably within the immediate neighborhood of Miss Dennis, there are churches where she and other searching souls like her will find the Living Christ Who is worshipped in spirit and in truth.

Uncensored Mabel

WE VENTURE the opinion that the Anti-Saloon League neither edited nor revised the series of articles written by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, entitled "The Inside of Prohibition." The series would have been better named, *The Wetness of Prohibition*. The Anti-Saloon League has nothing to fear from ordinary "wet" statements. They can be dismissed by referring them to "Romanist" or "foreign" influence. But the dripping pen of Mrs. Mabel cannot be dried in that way. Ex-Governor Smith said in one of his campaign speeches that he was glad his Party did not have Mabel on its hands. We would not be surprised if The Anti-Saloon League wrote to Mr. Smith to tell him it understands now what he meant. That esteemed confederation of reformers will have to enlarge its vision. It must look to the question of how free should free speech be when it is also "wet." The great victory of Prohibition can never be safe as long as ex-Assistant Attorney Generals can publish statements uncensored by those who have the custody of American morals. If the transportation of liquor is a criminal offence, the transmitting of "wet" knowledge by those who once held government positions should be also illegal. We shall await with anxiety the drive for less freedom and more reform.

"Go Into the Highways . . ."

RECENTLY we were favored with the personal experiences of Father Leonard MacCabe, C.P., in his interesting article, "Six Years on a Soapbox." Today he is traversing parts of rural England in a motor chapel similar to those operated in America by the Church Extension Society. His visit to Armthorpe, a town of 3,000 inhabitants with 75 Catholic families, is thus described:

The main thing we found we had to encounter was a heart-breaking indifference. On our first night, apart from the Catholic people, we had about 100 non-Catholics. Yet it was significant to see groups of men squatting along the wall opposite utterly indifferent. One would have thought that curiosity would have driven them to come over and see this church on wheels and to hear what these priests had to say.

The morning Masses in the motor chapel were splendidly attended—fifty was the average at Mass and twenty at Holy Communion.

We heard confessions during Mass in the garage, sitting on the step of a motor-car, the penitent kneeling on the ground.

It was an inspiring sight to see the people kneel on the ground and come up into the motor chapel to receive their Eucharistic God. Non-Catholics were lost in wonder.

We had lectures in the morning at 10.30 and again in the evening at 7.30. We managed to get chairs from the Todcaster Arms, benches from Doncaster, and a

few of the Catholic miners borrowed benches from the local Anglican Vicar.

For a few nights the people fought shy of asking questions, but after a few days every one was talking about the motor mission and the Catholic priests.

Down the pits, in the smoke-room and bar of the Todcaster Arms, along the road where the men gathered, it was the one topic of conversation.

Some bad Catholics were brought back to the Sacraments. Even after the lectures in the evening were over the people would split up into groups in eager discussion. Very soon each of us was the center, answering new difficulties that had suddenly cropped up in some non-Catholic mind.

Looking from the motor chapel at the heterogeneous crowd night after night one was forced to the conclusion that the only way to bring the people of England back to the Faith of their Fathers was by work such as these missions.

Very few men and women living in this place would ever have heard the doctrines of the Catholic Faith but for the motor mission. There were hundreds who never came near us, despite the visiting of enthusiastic lay helpers. Yet they have been forced to realize, as never before, that the Catholic Church is alive—that she has got a definite message.

A Non-Catholic Protests

DR. E. BOYD BARRETT, ex-Jesuit, who claims that he is a Catholic priest in good standing (though we seriously doubt that he is) has become keenly solicitous for the welfare of the Church in general and for the American Church in particular. He has been regaling the readers of such publications as *The Churchman*, *The Forum* and *The American Mercury*. How the editors of these publications are willing to publish as original articles what Dr. Barrett has been rehashing among them is quite beyond our editorial comprehension. It may be that the very fact of there being something shady at least, about the priestly character and canonical standing of Dr. Barrett gives him an entrance into magazines that would reject the offerings of a loyal son of the Church; or it may be that a priest who has been dismissed from his Order, as Dr. Barrett was, and is now without diocesan affiliation and free-lancing as a psycho-analysis, as Dr. Barrett is, is looked upon as one who has an esoteric message of sensational import. However, now that Dr. Barrett has proven to his own satisfaction that Mussolini has mastered the Pope and that American Catholics are on the very brink of seceding from Rome, we are quite convinced that he is rapidly petering out as a feature writer of non-Catholic and secular magazines. Meanwhile it is gratifying to be able to reproduce this vigorous protest by Mr. Houghton Phelps, an New York Episcopalian, addressed to the Editor of *The Churchman*:

In his supposedly sensational article, "Mussolini Masters the Pope," in *The Churchman* of July 20, Dr. E. Boyd

Barrett appears to be almost supernaturally omniscient. Some of us non-Catholics may wonder why the Roman Catholic Church bothered at all to have the Pope when Dr. Barrett was in their midst.

It is always easy to stand on the outside of a fort thumbing one's nose when those within pay no attention. But sometimes one's fellow citizens on the outside get tired of seeing the performance.

Dr. Barrett in this article says categorically, "Neither the bishops nor the people of the American Catholic Church are pleased about what the Pope has done." No papal bull has ever contained a more pompous or positive statement than that. It sounds to us rather like Queen Victoria! And, under the circumstances, no writer about the Vatican Treaty has made a seemingly more nonsensical utterance. How can Dr. Barrett, an ex-Jesuit, now practicing psycho-analysis somewhere in New York City, speak so pontifically and apostolically for the bishops and the people of the American Catholic Church?

Dr. Barrett says of the clause in the Concordat concerning the employment of apostate priests, that "there would be nothing for such a one save starvation." But somehow, apostate priests never seem to starve. There are few things many Protestants seem to enjoy more than heeding and helping support ex-Roman Catholic priests.

Psycho-analysis, like charity, begins at home, supposedly.

The present writer, by the way, is not one of those famous and dread spectres, "a Jesuit in disguise," but an Episcopalian.

Why A Threatening Heresy?

THERE is a threatening heresy in Protestantism according to a spokesman for the Presbyterian Church. The young people in the Presbyterian Church, or more accurately, the young people who are not in it but who should be there, are left to shift for themselves. Why this should be called a threatening heresy, as if it were an imminent danger born of the present day, is not easy to understand. We think it is a rather settled and accepted condition with the threat long ago worn out of it. And we would venture the opinion that most Protestants of today will regard the reference to heresy as antiquated and obsolescent. Christian truth, sure we have been told it a thousand times in the last six months in the daily press, particularly on Monday mornings when space is plentiful and news is scarce, is a thing of evolution. What was true yesterday is only true today insofar as it fits in with the changed conditions that have arisen in the meantime. The children of today are not the slavish little things that the children of a few decades ago were. They have been born into an age blessed with universal electric light, colored bathroom fixtures, and the inspired dabbings of Bishop Cannon in the stock market. They do not need the teaching that was thought necessary for a past generation. They are quite able to do their own thinking. It is high time that Protestantism, so long the champion of freedom of conscience for adults, should become the advocate of the same privilege for children.

So runs the reasoning that began with the repudiation of Catholic dogma and shivers itself into ludicrous fragments in one absurdity after another.

Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

POTTER'S FIELD

Though the doctrine may not be the best (but who can say?) no one can doubt the kindly spirit that inspired this Passion sonnet in the mind of Helen Pursell Roads for a recent number of the *Churchman*:

It is so brief, the tragic history
Of that first sullen stretch of potter's clay
Paid for in blood-stained silver on the Day
Of Crucifixion by the Pharisee
Who sought in Jewry some cheap place to lay
Its friendless dead, the first of whom was he
That crept into the path of destiny
And walked a little space, but to betray His friend
God, grant the faith be justified,
That He who suffered for all men, did not,
Pain-wrung, forsake the evil one who died
A self-slain penitent . . . that Love besought
Of Thee, in prayer which could not be denied,
Redemption even for Iscariot!

AMERICAN INSANITIES

Summer has brought the annual entrants for freak championships. It's to a writer in the *New York Herald Tribune* that we owe this array of absurdities:

Recently Bill Williams, a Rio Hondo (Tex.) pasterer, completed his stunt, occupying almost a month, of pushing a peanut with his nose along a twenty-two-mile route leading to the summit of Pike's Peak.

Last year he pushed the peanut along eleven miles of macadam near Rio Hondo. He liked the taste of fame and proceeded on the Pike's Peak route this summer. He contrived a device, attachable to his nose, for protecting its epidermis. He wore knee pads. He succeeded in his purpose of getting into the public prints.

Contest Open for Wives

In Ponca City, Okla., Mayor Will A. Brooks has issued a call for rolling-pin throwers in a contest to be held this summer to determine which wife in the community is most proficient in that respect.

In Paris a New Yorker, Dr. Robert E. Moore, has gone into training for the 7,000 golf shots he estimates he will require over a course to Berlin. The distance is 674 miles as the crow flies. But there is a matter of hazards in the form of mountains, rivers, woods and buildings that will extend the course considerably.

The marathon dance has lost its appeal. It has been overdone. Also the "dance" is no more than a shuffle and holds no thrill for the spectator. And the gabfest is out. Its aspirants in last year's contests passed so much time and vocal effort bickering in rest periods that they talked themselves out of achieving any record of note. Thus, the dubious glory of being the world's most continuous talker remains with Parlatius, Berlin actor, who talked for forty-five hours before he ran short of words.

Champion Coffee Drinker

Albert Baker, of New York, finds life pleasant because none has outdone his feat of drinking 250 cups of coffee in four hours. Nor is his delight with himself any more enthusiastic than that of Harry O'Brien, of Paterson, who ran away with the peanut-rolling championship by urging them with a stick along a mile of streets.

The annual fair at Grinnell, Iowa, holds no event so alluring as the husband-calling contest. The title at the moment belongs to Mrs. A. H. Dempster. Eleven wives last year participated, yodeling, yoo-hooing, barking, stamping and clapping their hands. Off in a far section of the lot the husbands waited. One woman impatiently shrieked, "Hey, you 'cmon over here!" There was no response.

But Mrs. Dempster neither shrieked nor whistled. She merely cupped her hands and trilled beautifully like a mocking bird. Her own husband did not answer. But nineteen husbands in the grandstand leaped from their seats and the judges felt they could do nothing other than call her the winner.

Walks Forty-two Miles on Stilts

Joseph de Virgilio, of Cambridge, Mass., is a neighborhood hero. He has something to leave to posterity. On August 31, 1927, he walked on stilts the forty-two miles from Boston to Providence. His legs were swollen, but the stilts suffered far more.

Disregarding union restrictions, Jim Brown, of Kansas City, laid 36,000 paving blocks in a day—a freight car holds 25,000. That energized "Slim" Peterson, of Arkansas City, Kan., into action and he ran up a total of 50,000 while the cinema cameras took his picture. Tony Glassoo broke both their hearts and their records by laying 69,000 blocks.

If you are bothered with a servant problem get in touch with Stella Huoff, of Cross Keys, N. J. In one hour and fifteen minutes she washed and hung 135 pieces of laundry.

Women who are reluctant to push baby carriages may be reminded of Mrs. Lillian Groom, a sturdy matron of London, England, who trundled a perambulator to Brighton, fifty-two miles away, in twelve hours and twenty minutes in April, 1923.

Other Queer Championships

Arthur Allegretti's idea of showing off was to roller skate from Buffalo to New York in August, 1927, in fifty-eight hours. He "dined" on soda water and used up three pairs of roller skates and six bottles of oil. Arthur Hoffman shackled himself to the steering wheel of his car in New York on December 21, 1927, and did not quit until he had driven 100 hours. Two youths in 1912 started walking backward from Salem, N. C., to New York. There is no record of how they wound up, whether they achieved their goal or backed into the Atlantic.

P. B. McCartney claims the streetcar transfer championship of the world. This Rochester gentleman has collected more than 10,000 transfers and boasts he can accommodate you for any street railway in the world.

J. H. Oyler played a course thirty-five miles long, taking 1,087 strokes between the Maidstone links and the Littlestone greens in England. He lost seventeen balls in two and a half days.

Record for Water Bobbing

Squeek Schrantz, of the St. Paul A. C., claims to be the all-wet champion, having bobbed in the water 1,843 times in one hour on March 24, 1928. T. M. Jones, of London, avers he is something of an all-wet champion himself, having imbibed sixty-seven steins of beer for breakfast.

The Miss America crown is no incentive to Ina Leslie, seventeen years old, of Los Angeles. She finds her happiness in her record for milking cows at the annual fair.

In September, 1926, Bud Reynolds, of Columbus, Ohio, played the piano for 105 hours. He fainted half way along,

but was revived and continued. When he finished his fingers were in bandages. At Aldershot, England, in 1913, Tom Burrows swung a pair of Indian clubs 104 hours—and became insane.

George Smith, of Utica, raised himself on his toes 20,000 times. Mrs. Nerr Feese, fifty years old, of Middleburg, Pa., on November 22, 1918, rolled a barrel for eight miles. Mme. Verdier, in Paris, made 2,000 sandwiches in nine hours. The spirit of Franklin, a kite crewed by two St. Paul youths, Paul Berg and Isidore Legan, tallied 2,856 whirls, loops and swerves. Sylvia Moskowitz, twelve years old, of the same city, bounced a golf ball 2,710 times and thus attained the public notice. Alvin Bunde and Theodore Syversten, also of St. Paul, essayed a staying-awake contest. Syversten's eyes closed after seventy-two hours.

Gastronomic Feats

For all-around gastronomic feats, the crown ought to set safely on Sallie Rope's brow. Or it would have, had she not succumbed after her arduous championship enterprise. Sallie was a dusky lass of Kansas City, Mo., who in 1910, had heard of the alimentary capacities of ostriches and goats and announced she could pack in far more hardware than an ostrich or a goat.

When the autopsy was performed the medical examiner listed 1,551 items, including 453 nails, forty-two screws, nine bolts, five spoons, a nail file, five thimbles, sixty-three buttons, 105 safety pins, 115 hairpins, 136 common pins, fifty-two carpet tacks, fifty-seven needles, eighty-five pebbles and a four-foot string of beads.

The East Side still recalls the "hot-dog" contest in a Second Avenue saloon on November 29, 1923, when Val Menges swooned after the forty-fourth frankfurter, and John Hinsin, uncoiling a new supply, nibbled away placidly to his fifty-third before calling it a meal. John Damman, at Red Wing, Minn., on December 14, 1927, won the soup-sipping title by splashing through three and a half quarts. Two competitors were disqualified.

Wine Drinker Won in 1814

In 1814 two Britons set out to determine whether the water drinker or wine sipper was the more enduring. The water man almost drowned. The wine drinker won. But he didn't know until two days later.

Martin McKee, of Springfield, Ill., a miner, ate twenty-five large pickles before quitting with the complaint that he was choking on the warts.

Being somewhat voracious, John Samuel Francis Dalton, of New Orleans, consumed the following menu on January 7, 1927: Twelve dozen eggs, eight oysters, three and one-half cups of coffee, one and one-half quarts of wine, one box of crackers, two slices of jelly cake, one bottle of sauce, three bananas, four onions and six green peppers—and exclaimed, "I'll try it again tomorrow. I haven't much appetite today!" But next day they were placing ice on his head.

Plenty of Pie Eaters

The woods are full of pie eaters, oyster consumers and others who, in their quest of fame, delight to caress their palates with extraordinary quantities of edibles. C. S. Carter, of Groton, S. D., on December 6, 1925, developed a new field of competition by eating fifty-one flapjacks. Though a rival, W. P. G. Meyers ate eight less the next day, Meyers was hailed as the champion because his flapjacks had two inches more diameter.

Dan Henderson, of Jonesboro, Ga., on November 24, 1923, completed sixty-nine hours of steady chewing on a quid of tobacco.

For twenty-nine years Alma Boggs, of Shrewsbury, England, has partaken ardently of one and one-half pints of vinegar a day. Lily Marshall, of Connellsville, Pa., has attended Sunday school more than 800 consecutive Sundays. On the other hand, Louise Moody, of Goshen, N. Y.,

says she has been a church member thirty-five years and has never been at church service. Fred McClane, of Enid, Okla., has attended more than 5,000 funerals.

There is still another championship class composed of the "never haves." In New Jersey is a man who has been repairing bicycles forty years and has never ridden on one. A cabin boy on the Berengaria who has made 200 crossings, has never returned to his home in London, which is two hours from the pier.

"Never Have" Champions

In Falls City, Neb., the Leechman brothers have an undisputed claim to the all around "never have" crown. One is seventy-two years old, the other is seventy-three. They insist they never have read a daily paper, have not eaten a meal cooked by a woman for fifty years, have never used a telephone and have not been to Omaha because one day when they got five miles from home they lost their way and have been too timid since to venture even that distance from the farm.

John Haas, of Apollo, Pa., never saw a circus, and C. Hassenmiller, of New Albany, Ind., never went to a ball game. Knocking wood while he says it, L. C. Boynton, of Brownwood, Tex., boasts that in his long life he never has called a doctor.

LIZZIE RESENTS A SLUR

"If booze came back to America I could not then find men able to build a car good enough to run 200,000 miles."—HENRY FORD. On which H. I. Phillips interviews Lizzie.

Q.—What's your name?

A.—Lizzie.

Q.—Did you ever run 200,000 miles?

A.—That was my minimum.

Q.—Was that before prohibition?

A.—It was.

Q.—Were the saloons open?

A.—They were, and many a one I stopped at.

Q.—When you were being manufactured at the Ford plant the country was wet, was it not, Lizzie?

A.—It certainly was.

Q.—Did you ever see any workmen staggering around the plant?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Were you ever troubled by Ford employees forming quartets during working hours and singing "Sweet Adeline?"

A.—Never.

Q.—Ford production was not slowed up by workmen drinking out of bottles, was it?

A.—No.

Q.—As a car turned out in that period, you did everything asked of you, did you not?

A.—I certainly did.

Q.—What do you think of Mr. Ford's statement that if liquor came back he couldn't produce a good car?

Lizzie (breaking down for the first time in her life); I think it's a dirty insult!

MORE HONEST THAN POLITIC

The A. P. Association has dug out of the files in Washington this sample of political candor. A certain Martin Rice made application to the Interior Department for a political plum in the year 1849. Rice wrote that he would be very willing to accept an office provided it paid well and continues:

But I have very little expectation of getting one. I consider myself qualified to fill almost any office, but there are hundreds who are as well qualified as I am and perhaps better. I consider myself an honest man, but there are thousands equally honest.

I am a political friend of the President, but that is no good reason why I should receive an appointment. I am a stranger to fame and fortune, but that is no good reason why I should receive one. I should, of course, like the best office, but beggars must not be choosers. I should like to have an office near home, but I do not wish an honest and capable officer turned out to make room for me.

I am a farmer; but that argues nothing for or against me. I also am a surveyor; but there may be a great many better ones. I am a self-taught man; but I have much yet to learn. I have a small family; but everybody else either has or wishes to have. I have sought office, it is true; but I have seldom been successful: You may think I am jesting with you; but I assure you I am in earnest. I could perhaps get a good recommendation from my neighbors; but I do not wish to ask them to tell a lie for me.

If you can do nothing for me in the way of office, please write me and say so, but make no apologies. I shall await anxiously an answer to this letter; but shall be agreeably surprised if I get one.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROBLEM

The Associated Press tells us that the little Virginia boy who brought the President a gift of a possum two weeks ago returned last week with a present of two possums.—Frank Sullivan does the rest in the *New York World*.

Scene—The White House. It is an autumn day at the end of vacation time. The Senators are just beginning to turn after their first frost and Washington is beautiful with their gorgeous reds, browns and golds. Mr. Curtis alone remains green as he looks at the White House. The Hoovers are having breakfast with Mark Sullivan.

The President—My, but I'm as hungry as a Democrat. What's for breakfast, Mrs. Hoover?

Mrs. Hoover (slightly apologetic)—Why, we're having Maggie today.

Mr. Hoover—You didn't tell me you were inviting anybody.

Mrs. H.—I'm not. We're having Maggie, the possum.

Mr. H. (ominously)—Possum again?

Mrs. H.—I can't help it, Herbert, I had to get rid of some of them. They're all over the house. I've run clean out of names for them. Of course, Maggie; that is, the name Maggie, will be available now.

Mr. H.—Which one did we have for dinner last night?

Mark S.—That was Beauty, I think.

Mrs. H.—No, Mr. Sullivan. It was Chubby last night. We had Beauty the night before.

Mark—Then that's two more names free. Well, I don't think I care for any breakfast. If you'll excuse me—

Mr. H.—Don't go, Mark. Let's thresh this possum situation out here and now. How many, in all, has the little boy from the mountains of Virginia, drat him, given me?

Mark—As I remember, it was early in August that he gave you that first possum.

Mr. H.—Check.

Mark—He came back the next week with two.

Mr. H.—That's where I made my mistake, in accepting that second batch. If I had only put my foot down then—

Mark—The next week it was four, the next week eight, and every week after that he doubled the quota. You must own about five hundred head of possum, Mr. President.

Mr. H. (despondently)—I'm practically possum poor. (Hopefully). Maybe I could have that little boy shot. After all, I'm the President.

Mark—Well, is he a Democrat or a Republican?

Mr. H.—Who, me?

Mark—No, no, no, the little Virginia boy.

Mr. H.—Oh, I don't know. I sometimes think there isn't much difference between them. Take Borah. He's a Republican.

Mark—Of course, if it were Borah who was presenting you with all these possums the problem of the shooting might be a bit simpler—

Mr. H.—I wouldn't be a bit surprised if this possum boy turned out to be a tool of Borah or Charlie Curtis, hired by them to overwhelm me with possums and make me frantic, in the hope that my administration might thus be ruined. I'd like to know just one thing. Who started this business of giving possums to the President?

Mark—Why, I believe it was Mr. Coolidge who accepted the first possum.

Mr. H.—He would. Well, I've got a brilliant idea, Mark.

Mark—Naturally, Mr. President.

Mr. H.—Thank you. I'm just going to have 200 of those possums boxed up and shipped to Mr. Coolidge at Northampton, with a cordial note saying they are a gift from me.

Mark—And you could send another 200 to Mr. Philip Snowden.

Mr. H.—Capital. And we could get rid of the rest by hook or crook. Why, things are looking up.

Mark—Of course they are. Things are never as bad as they seem.

Mr. H.—For instance?

Mark—Well, suppose that little Virginia boy had started giving you rabbits?

"SO DIED A TRUE CHRISTIAN"

The Rev. J. E. Williams, an Anglican missionary, was killed recently by looting soldiers in China. This poem from *The Living Church* by Katherine Burton is what we would have liked to have written concerning the deaths of our three soldiers of Christ Crucified.

He waited for their coming with a smile;

Their torture too he answered smilingly;

And with a smile he met their final thrusts.

What secret did he carry in his heart

That kept his lips curved through death's cruelties?

Was it that down the centuries he gazed,

Past the mob's fury and its stupid greed,

To where a radiant Face smiled out at fear?

And did he see beyond the hate the Love—

Beyond the Crucifix the opening skies?

AN OLD JOKE

A reader of the *Boston Post* writes to the *Observant Citizen*, a columnist of the paper, of his discovery of an old joke which is very up to date.

Dear *Observant Citizen*: The following is a joke that I found today in *The Pocket Magazine* for December, 1897. If one did not note the date it could be taken for a very modern joke. Here it is:

The street car struck the rear wheels of the bicycle. The bicyclist described a parabola and fell upon a pile of brick. The bicyclist raised on one elbow, reached back an arm toward a rear pocket of the knickerbockers, and collapsed, insensible. A sergeant of police felt in the pocket and drew out a silver cocktail flask labelled: "J. J. Jones, 400 Bonton avenue."

"Go to 400 Bonton avenue," said the sergeant to a police officer, "and tell Mrs. Jones that Mr. Jones has—"

The sergeant paused and drew a hand mirror from the other rear pocket of the knickerbockers,

"—Tell Mr. Jones that Mrs. Jones has—"

The druggist who was assisting, tickled the bicyclist's lip with a feather he was trying to burn under the nostrils. The bicyclist smiled and murmured: "Charlie!"

"—Tell Mr. and Mrs. Jones that Miss Jones has met with an accident.—LIFE.

It does not seem possible that anyone could write a joke like this one in 1897, but they did.

21 Bay View Street, Weymouth. MICHAEL F. DAMON.

Castel Gandolfo

THE SUPREME PONTIFF'S SUMMER RESIDENCE

CASTEL GANDOLFO, the so-called Pontifical Castle, has been attracting much attention since the announcement that the Holy Father will probably resume occupancy of it during the months of hot weather. This palace, erected at a beautiful spot, in the midst of simple and charming surroundings, has been for over three hundred years the summer residence of the Roman Pontiffs, and it has never ceased to belong to them, being covered even under the Italian Government by the law of guarantees. It has stood empty, however, since 1870, and only at the end of the great war the Sovereign Pontiff opened the doors of the castle in the name of charity to house the homeless Armenian orphans. These children have now been provided for, and the palace is again tenantless save for its few ancient custodians; but the great gateway is no longer closed, and there is an air of hope and of expectancy in the little town, as though the inhabitants had been promised a long desired and thrice blessed visit.

As one approaches the castle from Rome, it stands out most picturesquely at the top of a green wooded hill, dominated by its medieval tower, gathering the cluster of rustic, small houses around it, and looking down upon the long oval of the lake of Albano at its foot, blue as sapphires on clear days. The castle stands about four hundred feet above the lake level.

This ground is intensely historic,

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

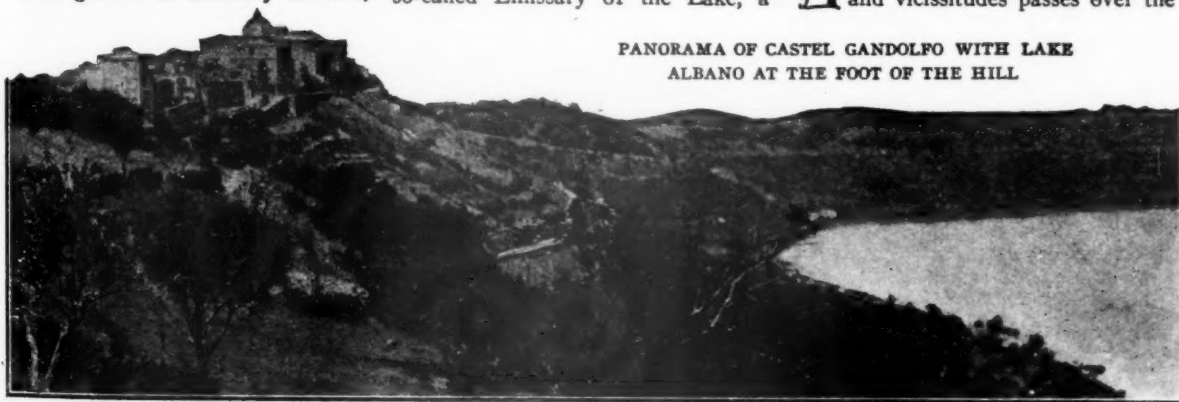
as most archaeologists are of opinion that the site is that of ancient, immemorial Alba Longa, so that all that the classic authors tell us, and all that the eloquent ruins and monuments bear witness to, concerns this particular region and not the modern town of Albano which is of comparatively late date. But the Alba Longa which the Latin historians recall, and which S. Augustine in his "City of God" mentions as having been in existence at the time of Solomon, was somewhere near our Castel Gandolfo. Pompey had a villa there, and so had the emperor Domitian, and this latter "Albanus Domitiani," the Alban villa of Domitian, has been identified with certainty at a stone's throw from the papal castle. But the Romans were jealous and emulous of that ancient civilization, which bordered upon their new state, and Alba Longa was taken and destroyed by them one hundred and fifty years before Tarquin the Proud erected his famous temple of Jove upon one of these hills, and instituted the Latin *ferie*. They permitted the remnant of the citizens to abide on the land and to devote themselves to their flocks and to agriculture. The country is pleasant and fertile, the local wine highly esteemed, and the vines are so vigorous that they produce an average of three new shoots to each stock.

Just below Castel Gandolfo is the so-called Emissary of the Lake, a

marvellous channel of stones so perfectly hewed and joined in their fitting that they did not require cement. The Emissary conveys the water of Lake Albano, through the depths of the hill, to the Lake of Nemi, four miles away. Cicero saw this channel and its working and called it in his enthusiasm "mirabilis"—how much more admirable that it should be functioning perfectly still, without even the need of reparations! It is now about two thousand three hundred and fifty years old, having been made while Alba Longa flourished. Down to the eighteenth century two "Ninfei" were to be recognized at the edge of the lake, one below Castel Gandolfo and one below Marino; these nymph-grots, consisting of rock-halls vaulted over, with frescoed, figured walls, and niches for statues, had vast basins carved out of the natural stone and seats arranged along the pools all indicating that these were baths into which the water was carried from the lake, and in which art and nature had been combined to form places of beauty and delight. They date certainly from the days of imperial Rome, and one at least may be attributed to the villa of Domitian, spread over the heights above it. These grots can no longer be identified; possibly they have been destroyed, possibly overgrown with vegetation. A great deal more could be said of the imposing remnants of antiquity in the locality, but space forbids.

A SECOND era of historic events and vicissitudes passes over the

PANORAMA OF CASTEL GANDOLFO WITH LAKE
ALBANO AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL





THE HOLY FATHER'S STUDY. DESK ON WHICH PIUS IX SIGNED THE DECREE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

hill with the Middle Ages. A ninth century parchment in the library of Monte Cassino records a deed made out under the reign of Lothair I, king of Italy, and dated from Castel Gandolfo, "in Castro Gandulpho," A.D. 849. No doubt some warlike baron had grafted his medieval stronghold upon the classic ruins which served as a foundation. The same was done on the Palatine, on the Via Appia, and in other places. The name Gandolfo or Candolfo was that of a noble Genoese family of the twelfth century, and in 1125 the signatures of men who bore it appear upon public documents in Rome. Possibly the property had been in possession of the clan since the ninth century.

IN ANY case, for over eight hundred years, it has borne their name. Between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the castle changed owners and became a forti-

fied keep of the Savelli, that powerful, much-feared, noble family of Rome. The actual tower and portions of time-gnawed dark grey walls belong to the constructions of the Savelli, and can still be seen. In the fifteenth century the Savellis sold to the Farneses, whose armorial fleur-de-lys remains upon one of the fountains, but eventually the Savellis again bought back their ancient domain. It passed finally for debt, in the dwindling down of fortune and descent, from the latter Savellis to the estate of the Holy See.

As we know it now, Castel Gandolfo owes its splendor to Pope Urban VIII (1623-1644), Maffeo Barberini, who loved the beautiful spot and who summoned Carlo Maderno, one of the great architects of the seventeenth century, to draw out of the frowning castle of the Savellis, or rather to create within its medieval walls, the serene, spacious, sunlit dwelling of breezy rooms and com-

manding terraces, which was to become the summer residence of the Roman Pontiffs. Urban was the founder of the fortunes of his family. Four years after his accession in the new and sumptuous pontifical palace of Castel Gandolfo, he celebrated himself, in the private chapel, the marriage of his nephew Taddeo Barberini, whom he had appointed commander-in-chief of the papal forces, with Anna Colonna, daughter of the Prince Constable. Fourteen Cardinals and all the Roman nobles were present at the ceremony and were afterwards entertained at Prince Colonna's palace at Marino. This day marked the entrance of the Barberinis into the ranks of the Roman aristocracy for Anna received the baronial castle of Palestrina as her portion, and her sons bore, as their descendants still bear, the title of Princes of Palestrina. In the great hall there the two escutcheons were first painted side by side, the column of the Colonnas, the bees of the industrious Florentine Barberinis.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years later, another Pope, Alexander VII, who had been Fabio Chigi (1655-1667), enlarged and extended the buildings of Pope Urban which he found insufficient to house the many members of the pontifical court and household; and again in the great Venetian Carlo Rezzonico, assumed to the Chair of Peter as Clement XIII (1758-1769), has left his name attached to the Castle which he restored, beautified and redecorated. Many memories are preserved of the last occupant of the palace, the saintly Pio Nono, who used to spend his summers here until the taking of Rome in 1870 when his voluntary confinement in the Vatican palace began; his eloquent protest against the violation of the most sacred rights of the Holy See.

The visitor approaches the palace from the principal square of the little town, shaded with pleasant trees, and embellished by a graceful fountain designed by Bernini. Opposite is the church of S. Thomas of Villanova, erected in honor of the saint by Alexander VII, the Pontiff who had canonized him. The great front of the castle extends completely across the end of the square, and is of plain, rather severe aspect. Beneath the clock three marble slabs record in Latin inscriptions the three Pontiffs who were the chief builders of

the palace, Urban VIII, Alexander VII, and Clement XIII. The great portal and courtyard are extremely similar to those of noble houses in Rome, and so is the grand staircase, wide and convenient, and abundantly lighted.

The first hall we enter is the Hall of the Swiss Guard, very long and airy, with an antique beamceiling and a brick floor. The walls are decorated with uncolored cartoons drawn on grey paper by the noted Christian artist Overbeck. The guardsmen have plenty of room to walk about in this hundred-foot hall, but they also have, beside it, a terrace overhanging the lake, where the views are enchanting. From its balustrade one realizes how the castle is poised at the highest possible elevation, and there is a marvellous sense of domination, of space, of limitless sky close at hand. The bells of the church, swinging bronze and sound from their turret, are below us.

The view all around us is superb. Green hills enclosing the gem of the lake, blue and still in its verdant framing; to our right Palazzola upon its thickly wooded crest to which only a mule-path leads. It used to be a

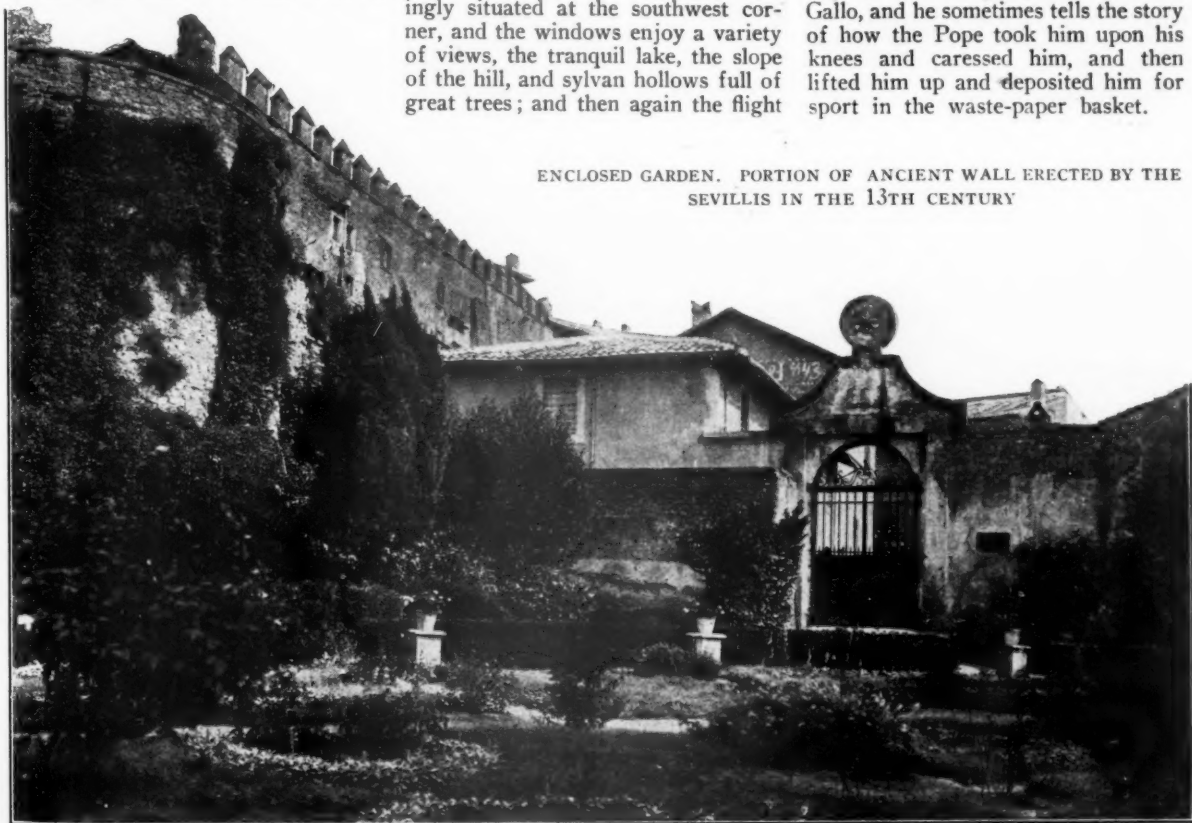
Capuchin Convent, and it has Roman tombs of the imperial age hewed in its rock, now the summer residence of the Venerable English College: (the title was bestowed upon the latter for reverence after the Reformation when so many of its sons won the crown of martyrdom in their native land). Between the castle and the water's edge are groves of acacia trees in bloom, filling the air with their sweet scent.

WE RE-ENTER the house to pass through smaller waiting-rooms named for the Grooms, the Noble Guard and the personal attendants of the Holy Father, the Anticamera Pontificia. The reception room is a fine spacious hall, with a noble, vaulted ceiling, and walls decorated in a dull green. With the exception of a few apartments of state, the furnishings of the house are very simple, as if its occupants had desired to preserve its character of a summer residence, where rest and a certain freedom from formality should prevail. A second small reception room, perhaps for private audience, leads into the Holy Father's study. This is also small but charmingly situated at the southwest corner, and the windows enjoy a variety of views, the tranquil lake, the slope of the hill, and sylvan hollows full of great trees; and then again the flight

of the plain, low-lying, harmonious, fascinating in its infinity, toward Rome and toward the sea.

Upon the mantle piece is a handsome clock of rare woods and bronze, the gift of Napoleon III to Pius IX. The desk is the identical one upon which that holy Pontiff signed the decree referring to the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A Crucifix stands upon it where he left it. Above the Holy Father's chair a baldachin is suspended against the wall, for it is custom that this mark of honor should mark the places where he habitually sits. A capacious waste-paper basket, cased in old-fashioned embroidery recalls a personal incident. The boys of the College of Mondragone nearby had been brought by their Rector to present their homage to the Holy Father who received them most graciously, joking with the little ones as he was wont to do. The youngest was presented to him and he was a very small lad and shy. Pius IX picked him up, laughing, and placed him in the waste-paper basket to the huge delight of the older collegians. The boy is now a peer, the Duca di Gallo, and he sometimes tells the story of how the Pope took him upon his knees and caressed him, and then lifted him up and deposited him for sport in the waste-paper basket.

ENCLOSED GARDEN. PORTION OF ANCIENT WALL ERECTED BY THE SEVILLIS IN THE 13TH CENTURY





ALTAR IN THE CHAPEL OF POPE URBAN VIII. PAINTING IS "DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS" BY GUERCINO

LEAVING the study and lesser reception room we pass into the papal bedchamber and are amazed at its plainness. A bureau, a couple of chairs, a sofa, and the small metal bedstead in which Pius IX slept. This room is connected with a dressing-cabinet in which the washing arrangements are just as they were left, blue-and-white crockery of the simplest kind. Two more, small, unadorned rooms, no doubt used by personal attendants, complete the private suite. The windows look out upon the gardens and from one of them, to our surprise, we caught a glimpse of an enclosed garden (shut in by portions of medieval walls left over from the Savelli fortifications), in which some silent nuns in brown habits were gathering in a wash of spotless linen.

Their presence, their silence, their occupation seemed strange. The custodian of the palace explained that they are a branch of the Farnese

Capuchin Sisters of strict enclosure who, by special favor of the Holy See, are permitted to occupy an outwing of the old Savelli keep. It was like a glimpse into the middle ages, the ancient fragrant spot, the crumbling grey battlements, the white-veiled women who do not speak. We have a vague recollection that some such community owes its existence to a foundation made at Farnese by members of that noble family, perhaps Pope Paul III. If we are right, these Sisters are the remnants of the once famous community of S. Maria delle Grazie, closely associated with S. Paul of the Cross, who repeatedly gave the spiritual exercises in their Monastery and for many years was in correspondence with them.

Beyond the simple rooms occupied by the Holy Father and his personal attendants, the state apartments begin again, and may be reached also in another direction by waiting-

rooms connected directly with the Hall of the Swiss Guard. The throne room resembles in general appearance, though it is less rich, the throne-room at the Vatican. The dining-room, decorated with dark-red damask, gives one a truer understanding of the stately solitude and isolation of the man upon whom the dread "great mantle" of the Papacy has descended. One knows that he always eats alone, custom, reverence, tradition require it. But how the sight of that spacious and lonely hall drives the truth home! There is a baldachin of crimson damask with, under it, the solitary chair of red and gold. A table less than two yards long before the chair, vast serving tables at the opposite side, a few good pictures on the walls, and no accommodation for friends or guests for they may never be admitted to that austere, segregated board.

From the dining-room one passes into a series of open galleries, with balconies overlooking the distant views, and settees where the Cardinals and other distinguished visitors may be informally admitted to converse with the Holy Father, if it is his pleasure. The Noble Guard possibly have the use of the galleries for recreation, as one of them contains a billiard table and instructions printed one hundred years ago upon

*S. Paul of the Cross was requested by Cardinal Rezzonico, afterwards Clement XIII, to visit the Capuchin Nuns of Farnese, whose Protector he was. The immense, unfrequented woods of Lamona are close to the Monastery, and its precincts were infested with snakes and vipers of which the poor religious lived in constant terror. S. Paul blessed the house and set up a Cross which he forbade the reptiles to approach. The Sisters were never troubled again. He also cured miraculously, out of compassion for her sorrow, a Novice who was being sent home for ill health. A number of letters of direction remain, addressed to "Suor Maria Chiara di S. Filippo," who was eventually elected Prioress of the Monastery and whom S. Paul directed for many years in the ways of holiness. It was certainly due to the courses of spiritual exercises given by the Saint several times to their community that the Capuchin Sisters of Farnese became renowned for their perfect observance and for the sanctity of their lives. We do not know by what tragedy they were made homeless. Perhaps in the confiscations of 1870.

yellowed paper as to how to play "The Noble Game of Billiards."

One of the most delightful rooms of the series is the "Salone Giallo" (the Yellow Reception Room); it is wide and exquisitely proportioned, beautiful in its architectural details and mouldings, and it takes its name from the panelling and furniture which are covered with silk of a golden yellow hue. The larger wall-spaces are decorated with charming frescoes, painted directly upon the plaster, and representing local views: the castle itself, the hills, the lake, the palace gardens with their formal plots and tall, clipped hedges of box, sometimes cut through with arches.

ONE of the typical pictures shows the papal cortège on the road just below the town, taking its way to Rome. The Pope and his court are on horseback, as was customary in the eighteenth century, though the state coaches with four horses in harness also made good time. The Pope of the fresco is mounted on a white palfrey and wears the costume of the time, which we should call colonial, hat, coat, breeches, vest, and stockings, all white. The Cardinals are similarly attired but in red, and their horses are bay or sorrel. Ecclesiastics

usually wore garments of this kind for travelling, and the procession is certainly unique and picturesque.

The written accounts of the journey of the Sovereign Pontiff from Rome to Castello, generally describe a carriage in which his "Maestro di Camera" and his "Majordomo" took place with the Holy Father. There were two other carriages for his ecclesiastical attendants and private chamberlains, and the Noble Guards rode to right and left of the Pontiff's conveyance. The procession was preceded by the Cross, and by a detachment of Swiss Guards on foot as far as St. John Lateran; there the Cross was lowered and the Swiss dismissed, and the coaches proceeded at good speed.

Twice on the way the horses were changed, and at both posts the august traveller alighted. First at Tor di Mezza Via where the Holy Father entered the church to adore the Most Blessed Sacrament, and afterwards he took a brief rest in the castle while refreshments were being offered to his suite. Then at Frattocchie, where the Prince Constable received him at the gate and accompanied him upstairs where his wife and family were waiting to do homage to His Holiness. As the cortège drew near Castel Gandolfo, at the point known as The Pastures, torches were wait-

ing, and a squad of the Swiss Guards with their drums.

Thus escorted the Pontiff made his entrance into the town and halted before the church, where the Bishop of Albano and clergy were expecting him, and the choir sang the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus." Having made his prayer before the altar, the Pope entered his sedan-chair and was carried into the palace, and Monsignor Majordomo offered refreshments in his name to all who had taken part in the reception of His Holiness. This ceremonial of the eighteenth century was observed almost without change down to 1870, when Pius IX went to Castello for the last time.

We have mentioned that there are two chapels in the palace. The first dates from the reign of Pius V (1557-1572), and is called by his name, and in fact his monogram appears upon the wall-tapestries. This one is quite small and poorly lighted. The second was made by Urban VIII, when he built the modern castle, and is more spacious and more airy. The Barberini bees appear in the stucco work of the ceiling. The frescoes are by the Zuccari brothers and the Deposition from the Cross over the altar is by Guercino. This is the chapel where the Barberini-Colonna wedding took place in 1629. The altar

FACADE OF THE PONTIFICAL SUMMER PALACE. THE FOUNTAIN IS BY BERNINI



is equipped with Crucifix, candles and linen as though Holy Mass might be celebrated here at any moment. A curious feature of the chapel is that a small cell, or recess in the wall, is built on the Epistle side, with a wide aperture toward the altar, so that the Sovereign Pontiff can attend services in the chapel and yet be quite separated from the crowd in the main part of it.

THERE exist several diaries, kept by painstaking members of the pontifical household, wherein the curious may learn just how the Holy Father spent his vacation days at Castel Gandolfo. We have made brief extracts from one of these, sedulously penned and probably not without pleasure, by an ecclesiastic of the court during the reign of that great Pontiff who had been Prospero Lambertini, and was Benedict XIV (1740-1758), a great friend and protector of S. Paul of the Cross and of the Passionists.

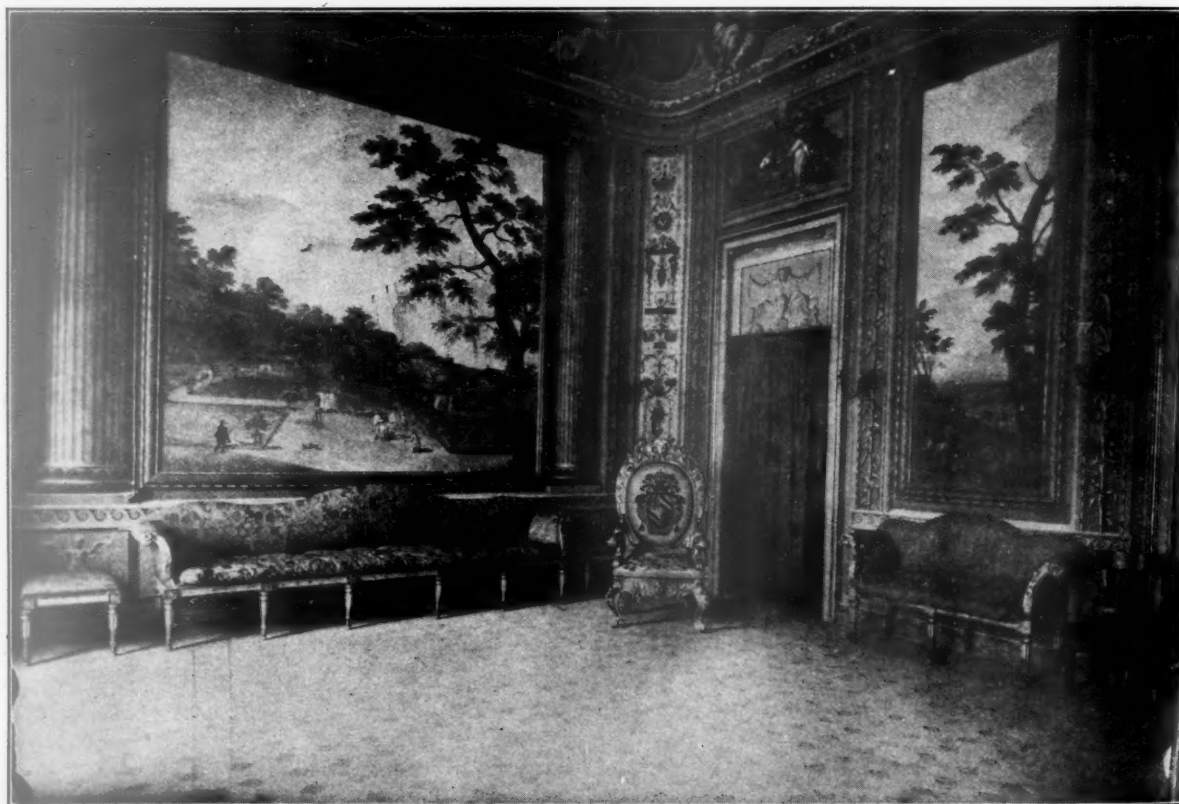
Benedict spent twenty-four days at Castel Gandolfo in the June of 1741, and they were days of great quiet and peace, interrupted once only by a

return to Rome for the Feast of the Holy Apostles. It seems to the mere modern reader that the venerable Pontiff enjoyed quite a pleasant vacation, but nothing could be more simple. He celebrated his morning Mass in the chapel when there was no other engagement, but on Sundays usually in the parish church, in state; and he always caused abundant alms to be distributed to the poor before returning to the palace. Pressing invitations came from all the Abbeys and monasteries in the neighborhood beseeching the Holy Father to visit them and if possible to celebrate Holy Mass in their church.

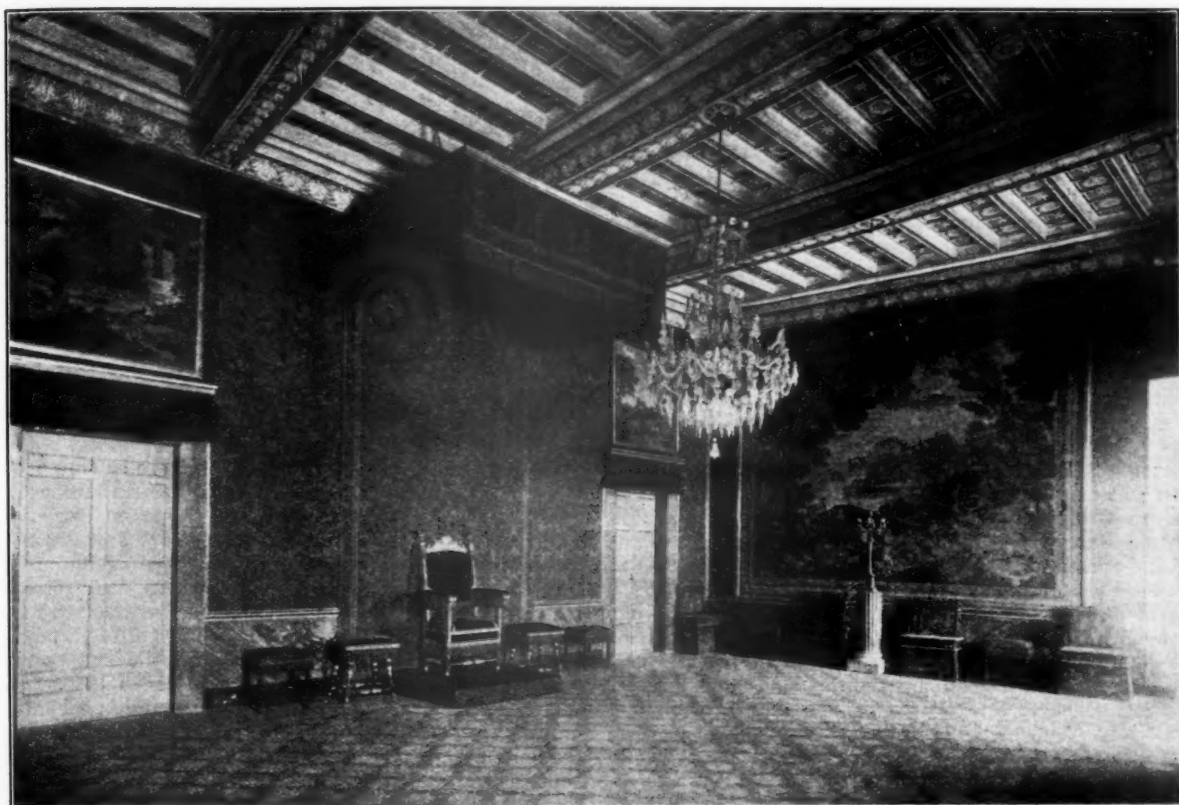
This he did in many cases with the kindness of a father even more than with the graciousness of a prince, which he then was. What remained of the morning was spent in prayer, study, or necessary business and correspondence. A special feature of the day in its earlier hours was the arrival of gifts; they never failed to appear and the chronicler notes the offerings day by day. Usually they are contributions to the Pontifical table; the neighbors know the

difficulty of keeping the larder filled in the country, and there is the joy of procuring for the common Father some delicacy from their own stores, or some rare morsel. The very first gift, from the Neapolitan Cardinal Acquaviva, a huge sturgeon weighing seventy pounds; on the morrow from Prince Chigi several vessels filled with large eels and trout (the eels were a specialty of Lake Albano). And again moulds of butter and fresh cheeses. And then from another bowls full of choice asparagus and citrons. After a few days, Cardinal Acquaviva once more with two cages containing live peasants and other kinds of birds. The "nuns of S. Clare at S. Maria delle Grazie" (these are the same so-called Capuchins of Farnese, the "blessed daughters," spiritually, of St. Paul of the Cross), send nosegays of silver altar flowers, no doubt made by their skilful hands, and a most humble request that His Holiness will deign to visit their monastery.

ONE morning the Pontiff celebrates a Mass at the abbey of the Cistercians monks and afterwards



THE YELLOW RECEPTION ROOM WITH FRESCO PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS



THE THRONE ROOM USED FOR RECEPTION OF OFFICIAL GUESTS

they offer him breakfast chocolate which he takes upon his throne and the assistant Bishop upon a stool beside him. In the afternoon the Holy Father takes a walk, or drives to some point of interest. He visits Prince Colonna at Marino and Prince Chigi at Lariccia. Frequently he goes no further than the Villa Barberini, which is at a stone's throw from the pontifical castle, and where the shady avenues and lovely glimpses over the plains toward Rome offer hours of perfect silence and secluded rest. Here the Pope occasionally receives the Cardinals who have asked for audience, and one day the Diary gives an interesting note. "At the little door opening into Villa Barberini His Beatitude found the King of Britain and the Duke of York" (these were the Stuart Pretender and his second son Henry), "and they walked for a while together, the Princes afterwards taking leave of Our Lord the Pope."

THIS mention of the beautiful Villa Barberini, which belongs at present to the prince of that name,

The Eighth Station

[THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM]

By ENID DINNIS

They come from out the city fair,
where men

Turn from the horror with averted
eyes

Which all afar-off on the hill-top lies,
Feasting forgetful with its denizen,
And with heroic grief, which dares
to ken

The Way of Sorrows and to scruti-
nize

The Abject Man, they meet Him with
their sighs,

Nor from the contemplation turn
again.

For these, a fragment of His flock,
have dared

The last majestic counsel to receive.
Their potent cries, who in His pains
had shared,

Go forth today the cities to relieve,
Weeping for those who lack the
grace to grieve

That so Jerusalem may yet be spared.

recalls to mind that the Italian Government has requested the noble owners to accept compensation for it and to permit it to be incorporated into the pontifical estate of Castel Gandolfo, in order that the Pope may have more room and be able to use the Villa itself, which is a fine building of the seventeenth century, for attendants and guests. All along the eastern side of the grounds of Villa Barberini are extensive and important remains of the Villa of Domitian, consisting of long underground porticoes, vaulted passages, and halls and grottoes which can only be reached through the Barberini gardens. These ruins are intensely interesting to archaeologists and antiquarians.

IT WOULD be unpardonable to close this account of Castel Gandolfo without mentioning that the American College in Rome has its summer residence at the foot of the hill, in the splendid old villa known now as S. Caterina, with marvelous views over the Alban Lake. These, too, are therefore neighbors of the Holy Father Pius XI.

Irish Love of Color

EXPLODING A POPULAR DELUSION

PATRICK is not an Irish name!

In the Gaelic language there is no such name as Brigid!

And to be Irish a thing need not necessarily be green!

Patrick was the name given to the Saint by Pope Celestine. It is a Roman name and means "noble." The Saint, himself, tells us that "he was noble according to the flesh." During his lifetime Patrick had at least four names, but Succat was the one given him "at the well," i.e. at the baptismal font. In Gaelic, Ireland the name Brigid is unknown. In the Irish language the "g" of Brigid is aspirated and the name is pronounced Bree-idh or Bride. The Gaelic speaking people of Ireland and the Highland Gaels of the North of Scotland never refer to the Saint as Brigid. With them she is always "the good Saint Bride."

Saint Bride is the patroness of art and learning, and was called the lawgiver of Medieval Europe. She is the author of the plan of the public school, college, and university of today. She planned the charters of medieval schools and defined their rules. As the medieval cities of Europe developed around the schools, the charters of the schools served as the charters of the cities. The laws governing the schools became the laws of the cities. As the cities federated forming nations these laws became the constitution and laws of the nations. By her teaching and example she raised the status of medieval womanhood, and in recognition of the services rendered by this brilliant Irish woman, through the fruits of whose labors the world was reclaimed to civilization and endowed with culture, every woman of Christendom on her wedding day takes, in her honor, the name of "Bride."

A thing to be Irish need not necessarily be green!!! Since "green pigs" and "clay pipes" are without question accepted as fit and proper St. Patrick's day decorations for store windows and dinner tables it is unfortunately necessary to emphasize this fact, and it is high time that the

By CATHAL O'BYRNE

association of this much abused color with Irish historical matters should be relegated to its proper position.

In Ireland on St. Patrick's Day "the warm side of the stone turns uppermost," then the winter is over, spring is at hand, and as the old Gaelic bards used to sing *Anois ag Teach an T-Samhradh*, and "now the summer is coming," Spring is just behind the nearest hill, and Ireland in the springtime is a riot of color. Who that has seen it could ever forget the brightness, and freshness, and beauty of it all? The greenness and darkness, the light and shade, the vivid coloring, seen as through an azure mist! The purple of her mild, kind mountains, the sapphire of little lakes, green tintured with wide-spreading sagans, the leagues and leagues of brown bogland, with everywhere the shimmer and sheen of flashing water, "Where every little pool is the blue sky's brother," and the bog-cotton waves its snowy banners in the breeze. And so, with all this beauty spread around and about him the four sides of the year, it is no wonder at all that the love of color is dominant in the heart of the Gael. It was only when forced by foreign laws and enactments that he put aside his gay and gallant apparel and took to imitating the drab and ugly costumes of his inferiors.

In their love of color the splendid people of ancient Ireland stand almost unique. They did not mourn with their clothing. They rended their hearts and not their garments, as witness the incomparable "Lament of Deirdre," in the old tale of "The Three Sons of Usna," and Emer's "Lay of the Heads," over the grave of her dead hero. In the old saga, "The Tain Bo Cuailgne," Cu-chulain went a-courting, and "it is in his crimson five-folded tunic he was with his brooch of inlaid gold, and his white-hooded shirt that was embroidered with red gold."

Green had no significance in ancient Ireland, and we have it on the authority of the best Gaelic scholars and historians that Ireland had no

national standard of any particular color. St. Patrick did not choose the shamrock because it was green. He plucked it and held it aloft before the pagan people—three leaves on one stem—to illustrate the doctrine of the Most Blessed Trinity. Its color meant nothing to him or them. In 1798, green was adopted by the Secret Society of the United Irishmen as their badge color. It was, of course, promptly proscribed, and as the old street ballad has it, "They were hanging men and women for the wearin' o' the green." Previous to that year, 1798, green as a color had absolutely no significance in Ireland and in 1795, just three years earlier, Ireland was referred to by Dr. Drennan, in his poem, "When Erin First Rose," for the first time in all history as the "Emerald Isle."

Silk has been manufactured in Dublin for almost 250 years, and owes its introduction to the Huguenots who fled from France in 1685, many of whom were skilled weavers, and established themselves in Dublin, as well as in other parts of the country. It was, however, in use in Ireland long prior to the Christian era, and in the latter part of the thirteenth century in the towns of Ireland, "Merchants' wives and even their servants went abroad splendid in gold embroidery and silk taffetas, in furs and fringed laces, wearing colored hats and caps, trimmed with costly gold thread from Genoa and Venice." From the latter city came the rich stuffs for "The O'Donnell's coat of crimson velvet with twenty or thirty pairs of gold aiglets, and a cloak of rich crimson satin bordered with black velvet."

YOUNG men and apprentices from Dublin to Galway wore gorgeous apparel. The city Fathers of Galway and Dublin declared that they should not use such fopperies! "Gorgeous apparel ne silks, either within or without their garments, ne yet fine knit stockings, either of silk or other costlie wise, wear no costlie long ruffs thick and starched, but be contented with simple ruffs, and that also wear no pantwostles (footwear made of otter or other skins, often

richly ornamented) but rather be contented with shoes." At this time, early thirteenth century, the "fair city of Kilkenny" was noted for its beautiful buildings, its streets paved with marble, its gloves, linens, and madder.

ACCORDING to the historian, Campion, "Linen shirts the rich do wear for wantonness and bravery, with wide hanging sleeves and pleated, thirty yards are little enough for them." And he also states "against the high feast of Christmas and Easter there is no Irishman of war but will steal, rob out of churches or elsewhere to go gay to a feast, yea, and bestoweth for saffron and silk to one shirt many times five marks."

The costumes of the men and women of Ireland at this period were simply ablaze with color, yet at this very time Queen Elizabeth's paid libeller of the Irish, Fynes Moryson, wrote that their taste lay very much in the direction of flesh tints—that they went naked! So it would seem, according to this very consistent and truthful English chronicler, that at the time the "wild Irishman" was supposed to be going about naked, he would even rob a church to gratify his love of color and fine raiment.

The use of saffron dye was forbidden by law under penalty of death, saffron being a regal and a bardic color. Kingsley in his novel, "Westward Ho," refers to the "saffron rags of the Irish Chieftains," and during Queen Elizabeth's reign to walk abroad in Ireland wearing a saffron cloak was to be shot at sight. English law in those days proclaimed that "there should be no saffron dye used for caps and cloaks and mantles, no woman's garment embroidered or garnished with silk or couched nor laid with usker," but it proclaimed in vain.

One of the greatest Irish archivists and archaeologists, Sir John T. Gilbert, writing of the manners and customs of Ireland's earliest colonists, says, "They brought with them the Syrian arts and civilization, such as dyeing and weaving, working in gold, silver and brass, besides the written characters, the same as Cadmus afterwards gave to Greece, and which remained in use amongst the Irish for above a thousand years, until modified by St. Patrick into their present form to assimilate them to the Latin."

Continued intercourse with their

Tyrian kindred soon filled Ireland with the refinements of a luxurious civilization. From various sources we learn that in those ancient times the native dress was costly and picturesque, and the habits and modes of living of the chiefs splendid and Oriental. The high-born and wealthy wore tunics of fine linen of immense width, girdled with gold, and with flowing sleeves after the Eastern fashion. The fringed cloak or *Cuchula* with a hood, after the Arab mode, was clasped on the shoulders with a golden brooch. Golden circlets, of beautiful and classic form confined their long flowing hair, crowned with which the chiefs sat at the banquet, or went to war. Sandals upon the feet, and bracelets, and signet rings of rich and curious workmanship, completed the costume.

The ladies wore the silken robes and flowing veils of Persia, or rolls of linen wound round the head like the Egyptian Isis, the hair curiously plaited down the back and fastened with gold or silver bodkins, while the neck and arms were profusely covered with jewels. These relics of a civilization 3,000 years old may still be gazed upon by modern eyes in the splendid and unrivaled antiquarian collection of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. The golden circlets, the fibulae, torcs, bracelets, rings, etc., worn by the native Irish race, are not only costly in value, but often so singularly beautiful in the working out of minute artistic details that modern art is not merely unable to imitate them, but even unable to comprehend how the ancient workers in metals could accomplish works of such delicate, almost microscopic minuteness of finish.

For successive centuries, this race half Tyrian and half Greek, held undisputed possession of Ireland, maintaining, it is said, constant intercourse with the parent state, and when Tyre fell, commercial relations were continued with Carthage. The Sea Laws of the Brehon Code proved clearly the existence of oversea trade. French writers aver that Marseilles traded with Ireland, as well as Britain. Irish writers confirm this opinion, for Greek merchants were in Wexford at the Fair of Carman, and there was a place set apart in that fair for the foreigners who came over-seas.

The Roman geographers held such an important opinion of Ireland that they spoke of it as lying midway be-

tween Spain and Britain. Tacitus, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era, tells us that the ports of Ireland were better known to merchants and traders by reason of the abundance of commerce than those of Britain. Juvenal's satires attest the important fact that Irish woolen goods were sold in Rome in his time, for he compares a certain Polemon to "a dealer in the cloth of Ireland." Agricola sent his fleet as far as the Orkney Islands, which he subdued. He made preparations to subdue Ireland, where, as he learned from the traders and merchants, there were excellent harbors. Ptolemy, the famous Alexandrian geographer, who lived in the reign of Antonius Pius, about the year A. D. 130, enumerates several illustrious cities in Ireland, three being on the seacoast, seven inland. These must have been in existence some time. "Illustrious" cities are not built in a day.

Alfred, King of Northumbrian Saxons, lived in Ireland about the year 635. He has written a most interesting poem on his experiences, and has left on record that he found in Erin "much food, raiment, gold, silver, honey, wheat, health, prosperity, traffic, and cities." White and red Irish clothes were on sale in England in the thirteenth century, and a cup of white metal of Irish manufacture is mentioned, according to Gilbert, among the treasures of King John. From a most interesting record dated the Feast of Saint Michael the Archangel, the sixteenth year of the reign of Henry the IV, we learn that the ports of Waterford, Cork, Kinsale, Youghal, Rush, Limerick, Malahide, Howth, Carrickfergus, and Wexford had their own merchant fleet and the cargoes from Ireland consisted of, among other commodities, Irish frieze, mantles, serges and linen cloth.

BY "Leabhar na H-Eireann" in the old records of Bruges, Ireland, as distinct from England, is mentioned as one of the seventeen nations whose corporations added to the fame of that then renowned port. It had its own commercial houses there—two bore the name "Ireland" and the third, a sixteenth century foundation, "St. Patrick." In 1399, Philippe le Hardi made Ecluse a staple town for Irish mantles and cloths. A manuscript bearing the Duke's special safe conduct, in 1387, to the Irish merchants may still be

read. In all the trading charters to Englishmen, Irishmen are mentioned apart. A fact worthy of note is that whilst the English merchants carried on their business in French the Irish used Latin. A Flemish writer of the sixteenth century, lamenting the decay of the noble seaport, its rival Antwerp obtaining all its custom, tells us that the Irish merchants in his time held two fairs a year at Bruges, where they exposed for sale their friezes, mantles, serges, and great quantities of furs and skins.

LITTLE is known concerning commerce between Ireland and Italy during the middle ages, but in his poem, "Dittamond," Bonifazio del Iberti tells us that "Ireland is worthy of fame, for the noble woolen stuffs which she sends us." In 1382 the Pope's envoy obtained the privilege of bringing with him to Italy, duty free, a number of articles in which figure, "Five mantles of Irish cloth and one russet garment lined with Irish cloth." Irish mantles were heirlooms in the families of many wealthy Italian merchants. Irish serge was used in Naples as trimmings for the robes of the king and queen. It was worn by the fashionable ladies of Florence, and its presence in Genoa, Como, and Bologna is known to all students of commercial history.

Irish silk is mentioned in the wardrobe accounts of Queen Clemence of Hungary, and in Spain and Portugal Irish cloth, mantles, and serges were likewise highly esteemed. Writing at this time, thirteenth century, Capmany, the Spanish historian says, "There were some considerable manufactures in Ireland. The stuffs called sayes (serges) made in that country were in such request that they were imitated by the manufacturers of Catalonia, who were in the practice of making the finest woolen goods of every kind.

In 1436, a Blake, from Galway, was selling Irish stuffs in Spanish America, and in the fifteenth century Irishmen carried their wares to the land of the Moors, and to the then distant Canary Islands.

Before Norse or English came to Ireland there was Commercial relationship with France, Belgium, Britain, Scotland, Italy, and Spain. Nor was Ireland's fame bounded by France or Spain, for in far-away Arabia she was justly styled Irlan-dah-al-Kaberah, Ireland the Great.

The Norsemen and Danes, fearless seamen and acute merchants, gave a great impetus to trade and commerce in every country wherein they settled. On the trade of Ireland they left the impress of their energy and honesty. The fame of their greatest settlement, Dublin, was widespread. Remnants of the Irish-Norse coinage may still be seen in Ireland's National Museum.

In the Book of Rights, attributed to St. Benen, a disciple of St. Patrick, we find the poem, "The Blessing of Dublin." In it St. Patrick is made to invoke

Gift of Commerce from all parts,
Gift of ever-widening marts,—
Gift in church of reverent hearts,
Bless stout Dublin town.

So usual was it to meet with these groups of traders from Ireland that, according to Professor Zimmer, the name given all over Europe to itinerant merchants generally was "Irish." With their packs of bright hued merchandise upon their broad shoulders, their lithe strong limbs carried them up and down the continent and to the very gates of Rome itself. Messer Marco Polo in his trip across half the world may have eaten and slept with them, and listened, under the stars by the wayside fire, or at the Court of some Great Khan, to the singing of their lilting Gaelic songs in their strangely beautiful language.

Irish horses had a great reputation in France and Italy. Paulus Jovius writes that Irish horses and Irish wolfhounds were considered worthy of presentation to high personages, and he states that he saw twelve Irish horses of a beautiful white color, adorned with silver and purple reins, led in the Pope's train. Ireland at this time was denuded of her oak forests to supply timber to the palace builders of Europe. The roof of Westminster Hall, London, the Palace of Whitehall, London, and the Stadhaus at Amsterdam, all attest the beauty and durability of the medieval Irish oaks.

IRISH pearls have been prized for their beauty and luster from the earliest times, especially the pearls of Limerick and Cork, from the days when Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick (1084), presented the Archbishop of Canterbury with many beautiful pearls down to the days of John Dee

(1580), who regarded it as a "crime against God that Irishmen should possess such valuables." In the seventh century Irish harpers are described as wearing "great crimson winding cloaks with brooches of gold, circlets of pearls around their head, rings of gold around their thumbs, torcs of gold around their ears, and torcs of silver around their throats. Amongst the hundreds of these golden torcs in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, are two beautiful specimens; one a twisted torc of gold, five feet, seven inches long, the other an exquisitely ornamented one, also of solid gold, weighing thirty-three ounces. That the Irish women were not behind the men in the matter of taste in dress is evidenced by the fact that in the year 1450 when Margaret O'Carrol, wife of Calvagh O'Carrol of Offaly, entertained the poets and learned men of Ireland it was in a dress of cloth of gold she received her guests.

GREEN, it will be noted in describing the costumes, cloths, and manufactures of the ancient Irish people, is not only not mentioned as being a color dear to the Irish heart, but it is never alluded to at all. If preference could be said to be given to any color, saffron, the regal and proscribed color, won first favor.

Ireland has been tacitly accepted on the world's stage in the rôle of the poor dependent, a not very presentable Cinderella. For eight hundred years she has had placed around her by her enemies, native and foreign, a wall of paper, on the outside of which was written what it was desired the world should believe of her. It would require almost another eight hundred years to catch up with and outrace the myriad pernicious absurdities and misrepresentations, which include "Green for the Irish—green pigs and clay pipes."

He didn't mean to be cruel. Always I repeat that to myself lest I turn fierce in my sorrow, only he didn't want a baby and my soul craved for one. He wanted just me, and I wanted a baby and him; but if only he could understand he wouldn't whistle about the house quite so merrily and he wouldn't tell me to pull myself together and not give in to my sorrow.—H. R. L. SHEPPARD.

Coronation Ode

By THEODORE MAYNARD

I

THE heavens are kindled star by vivid star,
Never has shone the moon so bright and clear,
For Paradise, expectant, waits the car
With its long retinue that now draws near,
Bearing the Queen along with pomp of drums
And singing choirs and flutes angelical,
Circled about with all
Her cavaliers caparisoned in gold,
A million spears and plumes. Ah look! She comes
Already royal though as yet uncrowned,
Riding the radiant ground
In maiden majesty! Behold! Behold!

II

NOW cease the loud huzzas and jubilant cries
As she comes up the sacred central hill,
Hurrying as she sees her God, her eyes
Shining with rapturous joy; and heaven grows still,
Breathlessly watching from its balconies
Her meeting with her Sire, her Spouse, her Son,
The blissful Three in One,
Who on her beauty with refulgent light
Beam and illumine it. No seraph is
Able to bear the vision of these things
But folds his flaming wings
Before his face to shield it from this sight.

III

THE valiant spirits who undaunted brook
God's dazzling glory turn their eyes away
From this high mystery, nor dare to look
Upon the consummation of this day,
When Mary clasps her Son against her breast,
And on her beating bosom lays His head
With never a word said,
Never a word to Him Who is the Word,
Never a word to God now manifest,
Save one glad cry, "My Son!" as on His mouth
She soothes her soul's long drouth
A whole eternity ere heaven stirred.

IV

CHRIST wipes away all tears in heaven, yet now
Tears that He will not wipe away, like rain
In sunny April, wet His hair and brow,
The great reward of all her years of pain.
This, her Creator, is the Child she bore
Hidden in darkness in her womb, the Son
Whom when her days were done
She brought forth in the stable on the straw;
Whose little feet had pattered on the floor;
Whom she had fed at her young breast, her Child,
And laughed when first He smiled—
She well might kiss Him now and feel no awe.

V

THE seven swords in turn had pierced her heart:
 When she and Joseph fled from Bethlehem,
 Hearing behind them Ramah's wailing start;
 When under secret night He went with them,
 And journeyed through Arabia's glaring heat;
 When sadly exiled where the heron drinks
 Beside the ancient sphinx
 She nursed Him by the reedy alien Nile;
 And when she later lost His straying feet
 To find Him talking with philosophers. . .
 (Be patient: He is hers—
 Let heaven be silent for a little while!)

VI

THERE had been intervals—too few—when she
 Had soothed Him for a day with tenderness,
 Cool twilight hours beside the inland sea,
 When the pale star of evening rose to bless
 The dusk with quiet. There were royal hours
 Of popular tempestuous acclaim,
 As in that day He came
 Riding in honor through the city's gate
 Over a road bestrewed with palms and flowers.
 Yet even then her watchful heart had feared
 The mutterings in the beard
 Of lawyer and priest forebode another fate.

VII

THE shadow of the cross had always hung
 Over His head; and she divined His doom
 Ere it was imminent, when His friends among
 He broke His body in the Upper Room.
 She knew this lover of men despised by men,
 This God who envied birds their nests, the fox
 Its hole amid the rocks,
 Would wander hungry and without a home
 On the harsh desert and the salty fen,
 Tracked by the jackals of the Jews until
 The eagles made their kill
 And fed Jerusalem with the prey of Rome.

VIII

PAIN even haunted joy when Gabriel knelt
 Before her in the house at Nazareth,
 Hailing her blessed. When her body felt
 Life stir within it, even then had death
 Whispered a word that filled her with dismay.
 When for His birthday kings brought gifts, the myrrh
 Smelt of the grave to her,
 For her wise innocence could faintly trace,
 Far off, the lifted cross, the dolorous day,
 When at the cry that shook the darkened noon
 She fell into a swoon,
 As dying He looked His last upon her face.

IX

SO WHILE she kissed His feet and swollen lips,
And carefully lifted one by one each thorn,
And washed His shoulders mangled from the whips
She knew it was for this He had been born.
When He was wrapped with aloes in His shroud,
Although she followed mourning by His bier
Her only Son most dear,
She knew the grave and death were not so strong
As He. But after she had seen the cloud
Receive Him, she within the house of John
Through sad years lingering on,
Sighed morn and eve, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

X

How long? Until the infant Church had learned
From her—as earlier learned the magian Kings—
Her Son was He Whom prophets had discerned,
He Who fulfilled all past prefigurings
And promises; until the Apostles knew
The things she hid within her heart; until
The evangelistic quill
Of John was dipped in her profundity.
From her intelligence and love he drew
His insight: "In the beginning was the Word"
First from her lips he heard,
From Mary, mistress of theology.

XI

Now unabashed and ardent she can gaze
On those familiar human eyes that burn
With the full glory of the unkindled rays
Of Godhead visible. Nor has she to turn
A flinching eye aside before that Beam,
But bears ecstatic its supernal glow;
For never did she know
The shade of sin obscure the lucid sense
Of her crystalline purity; no dream
Of pride, no phantom of the Pit could blind
Her clear and humble mind,
Unclouded in its virgin innocence.

XII

TO HER the Father, rapt in courtesy,
Bends, and begins the ceremonial
Of her enthronement in her majesty.
The thunder of the chant inaugural
Booms through the enchanted heavens and only dies
Upon the mountains of the moon. The Dove
Rests on His bride in love;
With seven times seventy gifts the Paraclete
Dowers her, already opulent in the skies'
Chief treasures; and the Christ sets gently down
Upon her head the crown,
While Paradise proclaims her fair and sweet.

XIII

NEVER has heaven seen the like of her,
 This mortal whose perfection doth excel
 Great Michael's. He, since arrogant Lucifer,
 The noblest of archangels, sinned and fell
 From his high station, has been likest God.
 Now one more Godlike than their minds conceive—
 With more than sinless Eve
 Possessed in Eden—shows upon her face
 Reversal of the sentence, "Ichabod!"
 And man's original glory, lost of old,
 Returns a thousand-fold
 In Mary, Queen and Mother of the race.

XIV

NOW sits she in her snowy ermine dress
 And her constellatory diadem,
 Shining in dignity and loveliness
 Down to the small pearls of her mantel's hem.
 Most graciously her majesty she wears,
 And smiles to hear herself by seraphs praised
 And hymned by the amazed
 Round-eyed young cherubim's clear treble voices.
 Her body's beauty and her soul's she bears
 Lightly amid the Light Triune that's shed
 Over her royal head,
 While all the exultant host of heaven rejoices.



Bowing His Head

THE VOLUNTARINESS OF CHRIST'S SACRIFICE

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

WHEN filled with that vital energy which is called genius stand above their fellows not only because of what they have done but also because of the manner in which they achieved their ends. A gesture by Demosthenes contained more eloquence than many speeches by common orators. Brilliant victories have been won by generals but only after painful study and careful strategy and strict discipline. How much they differ from a Napoleon who saw his plan of campaign in a flash of understanding, went straight for his objective and with a nod and a smile made millions of men glad to fight and even die for their peerless leader. In this way does genius differ from talent in every line of human endeavor.

Genius has a vision which awakens

every latent faculty into creative activity and seems to bend its materials into obedient conformity. Talent has an image merely which it laboriously strives to copy in materials that seem stubbornly resistant. Genius emerges from its absorbing labor and gazes with love on a finished masterpiece. Talent finally stands amid the ruins of many attempts to imitate another's creation with a copy that inspires no ecstasy. And yet the finished works of genius and talent may mingle in common admiration. Copies have often been mistaken for the originals even by experts.

Such confusion could not exist if men saw genius and talent at work; their manner would proclaim the

difference. Giotto once called at the studio of an artist friend who happened to be absent. An attendant inquired the name, but for reply Giotto took a brush and in one stroke drew on the wall a perfect circle. When this was told the artist on his return, he knew that Giotto had called, for he alone of all the artists in the city could have done that. And yet a draughtsman could have imitated it perfectly. It is the manner that proclaims the man.

JESUS was more than genius, for Divinity itself dwelt within Him. He had more than that transient spark of creative ability which produces an image from existing materials. From all eternity He was the Word and "all things were made by Him and without Him was made nothing that was made."

In His incarnate life, the Divinity shone through in His every action and was manifest in every word. There is more than genius in the brief words He spoke to the disciples when they returned to Him, rejoicing in the power He had given them over evil spirits: "I saw Satan like lightning falling from Heaven." (*Luke* 10-18.) No mere man could deal such an effective blow to the pretensions of spiritual pride; only One who saw the fall of Lucifer could so pithily describe it and with such brevity inspire horror for so subtle and respectable a vice. Or again, take the simple narrative: "And Jesus . . . saw a man sitting in the customhouse, named Matthew; and He said to him: Follow Me. And he arose up and followed him." (*Matt.* 9-9.) He makes no explanation of his purpose, uses no arts of persuasion, grants no time for delay, but issues one compelling word and Matthew abandons his business as Peter and Andrew, John and James had done previously. (*Matt.* 4 19-22.) It was the same in His actions. The Evangelists record stupendous miracles, but they seem to have been more observant of the manner in which Jesus wrought them than in the thing itself. In the case of the leper, they observe that "Jesus stretching forth His hand touches him . . . and forthwith his leprosy was cleansed." (*Matt.* 8-3.)

Two blind men came to Him to be cured. He touched their eyes and they received their sight. (*Matt.* 9 29-30.) On another occasion one who was deaf and dumb was brought to Him. "And taking him from the multitude apart. He put his fingers into his ears and spitting He touched his tongue and looking up to Heaven, He groaned and said to him: Ephpheta, that is, Be thou opened: and immediately his ears were opened and the string of his tongue was loosed and he spoke right." (*Mark* 7 32-35.) Then there is the vivid account that St. John gives of the raising of Lazarus from the tomb four days after his death. We should expect the Evangelist to dilate on the marvels of so great a miracle but instead we receive an account of the tender words of comfort addressed to the sorrowing sisters and of the actions by which Jesus showed His sympathy for them. "Weeping, He groaned in spirit and troubled Himself." When He arrived at the sep-

ulchre, again groaning in Himself, He lifted up His eyes and prayed to His Father. Then He gave the brief command that brought Lazarus back to life. These observations, it should be noted, were made by the disciple who prefaced his Gospel with a sublime confession to the Divinity of the Word.

It is this narrative that leads us to believe that among the four Evangelists, it was John who saw most clearly the Divinity of Jesus in what seemed commonplace actions and everyday gestures. This may explain the fact that he alone makes no mention of the darkness that covered the whole earth from the sixth to the ninth hour; he says nothing of the veil in the temple that was rent, of the rocks that were split, the earthquake, the return of the dead. And yet his omission of these things is strange; for he alone of the Apostles was present on Mt. Calvary. He alone was in a position to see everything and he alone, after the lapse of so many years during which he heard and knew all that occurred on that tragic day, was able to relate all that took place on that first Good Friday. Perhaps, these omissions are due to the fact that he alone saw the last action, the final gesture of the dying God-Man. A year later, in writing the Apocalypses, the Holy Spirit gave him the ability to write of heavenly mysteries in sublime language, but the same spirit who guided him in the writing of his Gospel dictated only one sentence to describe the death of Jesus. It is sublime in its simplicity. Volumes of theological lore and devotional commentary cannot exhaust the profound meaning of these simple words: "And bowing His Head, He gave up the ghost." (*John* 19-30.)

In one word we are brought to realize that the death of Jesus was wholly voluntary. No power on earth or under the earth, neither human craftiness nor diabolical cunning could take His life from Him. Long before in declaring Himself to be the Good Shepherd, He said: "I lay down My life that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from Me: but I lay it down of Myself and I have power to lay it down and power to take it up again. This commandment have I received of My Father." (*John* 10 17-18.) The words are His own commentary on the prophecy: "He was offered because it was His own will." (*Is.* 53-7.) There is

ample proof for His assertion in the scene that took place in the Garden: "Jesus, therefore, knowing all things that should come upon Him, went forth and said to them: 'Whom seek ye?' (*John* 18-4.) As soon as He disclosed Himself to be Jesus of Nazareth, they went backward and fell to the ground. Only when He gave the word were they able to take Him. Then and all through His Passion more than twelve legions of angels were His to command. But He put aside all miraculous power "that the Scripture might be fulfilled." Only when all things were accomplished did He bow His thorn-crowned head and give up His soul into the hands of His Father.

How well does the last gesture of His life bespeak the attitude of veneration and obedience towards His Father that was manifest through His entire life: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me that I may perfect His work." (*John* 4-34.) "I seek not My own will but the will of Him that sent Me." (*John* 5-30.) His discourse at the Last Supper is full of such expressions of filial love and obedience; it even radiates a holy joy that He is soon to glorify His Father by His Death. He even anticipates the moment and looks upon it as a finished work. "I have glorified Thee on earth; I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do." (*John* 17-4.) The same spirit sustained Him in His Agony, in those three hours of mortal anguish, for St. Matthew tells us, He prayed, "saying the self same word: 'My Father if this chalice may not pass away but I must drink it, Thy will be done.'" (*Matt.* 26 42-44.) So when the last moment had come, He chose to die with a gesture that summed up His life of perfect obedience. "Bowing His Head, He gave up the ghost."

He might have held His head erect with His eyes fixed on Heaven for was He not the Victor over pain and shame? He had triumphed over human wickedness and forever broken the power of Satan. He had redeemed a fallen world and given infinite glory to His Father. He had just declared the fulfillment of all Scripture and confided His soul into the Father's hands. The dauntless courage He possessed in the midst of such suffering, the filial trust that sustained Him through such desola-

tion of soul, the glory that was soon to be His for the suffering of death—all lead us to expect a different ending to a life so full of achievement, so worthy of reward. But He had determined to become like to us in all things, sin alone excepted. His feelings at the approach of death were infinitely more painful than ours could ever be. Every faculty of His sinless humanity shrank from it. But, bowing His head, He humbly submitted to the law that is upon us all—an eloquent expression of the perfect humility that made Him like unto us in all things and a cordial invitation to embrace death with the same humility and filial trust. For though we walk in the valley of the shadow of death, and need fear no evils for He has gone before us and will be with us at the end.

BOWING His head was a gesture Divine. It recalls the work of God on the sixth day of creation. "And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth: and breathed into His face the breath of life and man became a living soul." So Jesus bowed His head and breathed upon the humanity that was dead through Adam's fault and it lived again. It reminds us of Ezechiel's vision of the plain that was full of bones "And they were exceeding dry." The prophet was commanded to prophecy concerning these bones: "Thus saith the Lord to these bones: 'Behold I will send spirit into you and you shall live. And I will lay sinews upon you and will cause flesh to grow over you and will cover you with skin: and I will give you spirit and you shall live and you shall know that I am the Lord.'" And when the command was given, "the spirit came into them and they lived: and they stood up upon their feet an exceeding great army." (*Ezch.* 37.) So Jesus at the last bowed His head toward the home of a race that was slain through the malice of the devil and the sin of Adam. Stripped of supernatural gifts, they had but the bare bones of existence until Jesus "sent forth His spirit." Again clothed with Divine grace, strengthened in every faculty, they began to live in the sight of God—"a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues."

"Bowing His head—sublime gesture of a dying God-Man! He came to give testimony to the truth—to lead man through the darkness of

error and the fogs of superstition into the light of knowledge and faith. He was believed by some and contradicted by others. The forces of evil overcame and brought Him to His death. He became a Martyr—a Witness unto death of the truth of His doctrines. "And bowing His head," He gave a Divine affirmation to each and all the truths He had spoken. "You seek to kill Me," He had said, "A Man who had spoken the truth to you which I have heard of God." (*John* 8-40.) "They understood not, that He called God His Father. Jesus therefore said to them: 'When you shall have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall you know that I am He and that I do nothing of Myself, but as the Father hath taught Me, these things I speak.'" (*John* 8 27-28.) "And bowing His head," He affirmed with Divine emphasis the truths He declared. In writing to confirm the faith of the wavering Christians of Corinth, St. Paul set down these vigorous words: "The Son God, Jesus Christ . . . was not now 'Yea' and now 'Nay,' but 'Yea' alone was in Him. As many as are the promises of God, in Him they find their 'Yea.'" (*Cor.* 1 19-20.)

Moreover, looking upon Him, bowing down His head, we sinners find the answer to all our hopes and prayers and aspirations. To every anxious query about salvation, to every earnest petition, to every forlorn hope there is an answer—a Divine "Yes." He had given solemn promises to those who pray; He had answered with a Divine affirmative the timid appeal of the dying criminal. Now He bows His head—an everlasting confirmation of His words—an irrevocable answer to all who seek salvation. "As the rain and the snow come down from Heaven and

return no more thither, but soak the earth and water it and make it to spring and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater. So shall My word be, which shall go forth from My mouth: it shall not return to Me void but it shall do whatsoever I please and shall prosper in the things for which I sent it." Neither will the Head that has bowed down in death turn away from us nor shall He hide His Face from the eager eyes that look up to Him.

"Bowing down His head—the last token of the undying love of the dying God-Man! Towards us, He bent His head—the last movement of His suffering humanity, for He loved us unto the end. It was at the same time a fare-well from the Sufferer and a welcome from the Redeemer. He was going to the Father and yet He would ever abide. His spirit would take flight to the throne that awaited Him and yet He would ever remain turned towards earth," for my eyes and my heart shall be there always. My eyes also shall be open and my ears attentive to the prayer of him that shall pray in this place." (*Par* 2 7-15.) Bowing His head, He turns upon all who kneel at His feet those eyes in which shines the light of Divine compassion; bowing His head He speaks and His words are those of Divine forgiveness; bowing His head, He inclines His ears and He hears even the faintest sighs of His suppliants; bowing His head, He not only "gave up the ghost" for the redemption of the world, but He also gave Himself in the most intimate manner to each and all the redeemed. And when the story of Divine love is told in the Kingdom of Heaven there will surely be a pause before, and a longer one after, that sublime sentence: "And bowing His head, He gave up the ghost."

The Cross

By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

ONCE this was but a sign of shame
With sin and death all interwoven;
Today it towers a golden flame,
Symbol of faith and love and Heaven!

Father Andrea

A SKETCH OF CHINA IN THE ROUGH

By PEARL S. BUCK

FATHER Andrea lived all day for the hours at night when he might study the stars. The days in his parish in the Chinese city were long and crowded, filled with people and voices crying and complaining and demanding, and the nights were short and radiant with the silent, peaceful stars, shining like torches out of the dark purple sky. He could never get enough of them. The hours with his telescope went so quickly that many times he remembered to sleep only when the dawn came up out of the east with such ruddy splendor that the stars faded. But he did not need sleep. He could return to the day refreshed and braced by those hours of study and observation of the golden stars, when the voices that clamored after him all day were asleep for a brief while. "Bless sleep!" he would say to himself, chuckling as he climbed the steps to the tiny observatory he had built on top of the schoolhouse.

He was a small, stout, smiling man, whose exterior revealed nothing of his soft, mystic soul. If one saw only his apple cheeks and dark beard and red, smiling mouth, one would say that he was a lover of visible life. One needed to see his eyes to discover that he was a lover of things unseen. His lips went on smiling even when a leper came twisting and beseeching about his feet, or a wretched slave-girl ran in, cowering and crying, through the gates of the mission. But his eyes, deep set and dark, were often full of tears.

During the day he lifted up the lepers with his hands and washed them and fed them and soothed them and smeared oil upon their wounds. He stood between the slave-girl and her angry, cursing mistress, smiling, waiting, talking in that quiet, ceaseless, murmuring way he had. The woman's angry voice rose above it like a storm above a brook, but sooner or later his gentle, insistent speech won, and she would sit sulking, in answer to his invitation, in the seat of honor at the right of the square table in his little guest-hall,

and sip the tea he had asked the servant to bring. And then, with his small, dark, tragic eyes grave above his smiling mouth, he would talk on, praising, suggesting, regretting, hinting gently of the necessity of better things, until in the end the slave went away with the mistress. He would never help people to break away from what held them fast. His great concern always was to help them bear more easily the inevitable yoke that life had placed upon each of them. That was the one thing he was sure of—that there was no getting away from the oppression that life itself brought.

THROUGH the courtesy of its Editor we reprint this story from ASIA. The feature of the story which chiefly commends it to us is the vivid description given by the author, a non-Catholic, of what must be the most poignant disappointment of the pioneer missionary in China—lack of understanding and appreciation on the part of those for whose welfare he has sacrificed ambition, hope and even life.—THE EDITOR.

Talking in the morning to the boys in his school, he said one day more earnestly that he had ever before said anything:

"My sons, I will tell you a thing. You think, when you are children, that you will break away from the bondage of your parents and that when you go to school you will be free of them. In school you dream of manhood, when there will be no more teachers for you to obey. But you can never be free! When your immortal souls took on flesh, they became even as the Son of Man was—bound. No man is free—we are not free of one another—we can never be free of God.

"The thing is, not to cry futilely

after freedom, but to discover cheerfully how to bear the burden of bondage upon us. Even the stars in heaven are not free. They too must obey the paths of order in law, lest by their wantonness they wreck the universe. You have seen the shooting stars in the sky in summer. They seem beautiful in freedom, a burst of light and splendor against the clouds. But their end is destruction and darkness. It is the stars marching steadily on in their appointed ways which endure to the end."

The little blue-coated Chinese boys stared at him, wondering at the passion in his quiet voice and at the unwonted somberness of his round, smiling face. They did not understand him at all.

All day long he trotted hither and thither about his duty, beginning at dawn by saying Mass for a few faithful old women who came decently garbed in their cotton coats and trousers, with black kerchiefs folded about their heads. It troubled him sometimes that they did not grasp much of what he said; his Chinese had never been perfect and it was spoken with a soft Italian elision that could never seize the gutturals firmly. But at last, seeing their patient faces as they fixed their eyes on the Virgin and her Son, he decided that it did not matter what he said so long as they looked at the sacred picture and struggled to think of its meaning.

Before noon he tried to teach a little in the boys' school, but it was a harried business, because at any moment he would be called without to settle some affair of the poor.

FATHER, I sold this man ten-pence of rice last night and trusted him until this morning for the money, and now, having eaten the rice, he tells me he has nothing."

Two men in coolie trousers, their backs bare and blackened with the sun, stood before him, one angry, one defiant.

"Now, then, was not my stomach empty? Am I to starve when you have food? The revolutionists are coming, and, when they come, all men like you who have rice must give to

us who have not, and no talk of money, either!"

The two glared at each other as angry cocks will glare before attacking, and Father Andrea put a hand on each man's arm. His hands told the story begun by his eyes, small, brown, perfectly shaped hands that were broken and wrinkled with the washings and scrubbing he gave them. It was one of the agonies of his life that he could not subdue his flesh to the point of touching dark, unwashed bodies without some shrinking of his spirit. It was an obsession with him to wash his hands again and again until they were always scented faintly with carbolic soap. One of his private penances was to go without washing his hands, making himself endure the shuddering when he put them upon a child's head, crusted with the scald of disease. He had schooled himself to touch everything that made him recoil and, seeing his freely moving, kindly, expressive hands, no one dreamed of the inner withdrawal. So now, one of his hands warm and persuasive upon the arm of each man, he said to the defiant one: "My friend, I know nothing of the revolutionists. But this I do know. My garden needs weeding today, and, if you will weed it, I will gladly pay you wages and, out of the wages, I who know your good heart am sure you will not withhold the tenpence to your neighbor. He is a poor man with children, and you have eaten his rice. It is written, 'If any would not work, neither should he eat.' It is one of the laws of life, which even the revolution cannot rightly change."

Instantly the tension on the two faces faded away, and the two men laughed and showed their white teeth, and Father Andrea laughed, wrinkling his round, rosy face, and went back to his boys. At the end of the day he paid the man double wages. "Take it," he said when the man made a feint of refusal. "Some day I will ask you to work for me again, and on that day I may not have the money by me."

IN THE afternoon, after his dish of rice and beans and macaroni, he put on his flat black hat and went out and visited the people and drank tea with them and ate the hard-boiled eggs the housewives would cook for him, although his soul loathed them, and listened, smiling, to all that was said. He knew no rich people.

These scorned him as a Catholic priest and a foreigner, and he would not have forced his presence upon them even if he could. He went into the low, thatched houses of the poor and into the mat sheds of beggars, and he gave them his money as fast as it came into his hands. Of the great storm gathering without, the storm of the revolution, these people knew nothing, and no more did Father Andrea know. He had read no newspapers for years, and he had no idea of anything that was happening beyond this round of days and splendid nights.

Once a week he allowed himself to remember his own country. On the evening of the seventh day he washed himself and trimmed his dark beard and put a little scent upon his hands, and then he went up into the tiny observatory and sat in an old easy chair he had there. On the other nights he sat upon a stool by the table and took out his pens and papers and his measuring instruments and in his small, accurate handwriting he made notes which he sent to his Superior in Siccawei. Through all these years of evenings he had gradually become one of the chief of a group of astronomers in the Far East, although he did not know it. To him his study of the heavens was the relaxation and exhilaration of a brain formed for meticulous observation and keen, hard thinking.

But on this seventh day he took no paper and pens. He sat down and opened the windows and fixed his eyes upon the stars and allowed his thoughts to take him back to Italy, his country, to which he had not returned for twenty-seven years and which he would never behold again. He had been a young man when he left, scarcely thirty, but even after all these years he remembered with passionate sharpness the agony of that parting. Even yet he could see the bay, rounding into a circle smaller and smaller as the ship drew out from the land. Every week he thought gravely and with a sense of guilt that above his sense of mission still was the memory of that parting, and that sharper than the parting of his body from his motherland, from his home and parents and his sister and his brother, was the parting of his spirit from his beloved, his Vitellia, who had loved his brother more than him.

He had done penance all these years for this sin, that he had come into the

Church, not for devotion to God and Mary, but because Vitellia did not love him. Not that she or any one else knew it. His brother was tall and handsome and grave, with beautiful, languishing brown eyes, and Vitellia was tall and pale and exquisite as an olive-tree in new leafage, her colors all soft and subdued and mistlike. She was head and shoulders above the little rosy man he always was. No one thought of him seriously. He was always laughing and joking and merry, his small, deep-set black eyes crackling with humor.

EVEN after the marriage he did not stop his joking. But he waited to see whether or not his brother was good to Vitellia. There was nothing to complain of there. His brother was a good man, although a little dull inside his beauty of body, and, when he found himself married and soon with a child coming, he settled down into his father's wine business and they were very happy. No, there was nothing to complain of there.

Then it was that Andrea became frightened at the power of his passion. He saw that nothing would keep him from revealing himself except entire submission to his fate. That took a year of fever and agony, and it was not complete until he saw that for him there was no renunciation wholly efficacious except priesthood in some far country. Then he fled to the Fathers in his village.

His family had laughed at him—every one laughed at him—and Vitellia had nearly ruined him by clinging to his hand and saying in that voice of hers that was more to him than music, "But brother mine, my Andrea, who will play with my children and be always in my house?" He had shaken his head, smiling and speechless, and she had looked at him in surprise and seen that his eyes were full of tears. "Must you, if you mind so much, Andrea?" And he had nodded.

Ah, well, it was all done, long, long ago. For many years he had not allowed himself to think of her because she was another man's wife, and he had come to the stars night after night and prayed passionately for peace. It seemed to him that he could never do penance enough for loving Vitellia more than any one else always to the very end.

All this explained the smiling tragedy in his eyes and his constant preaching of bearing one's yoke.

WHEN one day a black-bordered letter came, the first letter in many years, he opened it, and within was the news of Vitellia's death. Then it seemed that peace of a sort came upon him and after a while he allowed himself this relaxation on the evening of seventh days and even at last permitted himself to think a little of her. Now that she was dead, he could imagine her up yonder, moving in that free, light way she had, among the stars. She was no one's wife now—she belonged to no one. She was a part of heaven, and he could think of her as of a star and be without sin.

He began to preach less vehemently and more patiently about bearing the yoke. When one of his school-boys ran away to join the revolutionists, he went out with a sigh and sought him and talked with him gently, begging him to come back to his weeping mother.

"The good God puts us into life with a duty to perform," he said tenderly, smiling a little, with his arm about the boy's shoulders.

But the boy shook himself free and moved away. "In the revolution there is no God and there is no duty," he said imperiously. "We are all free, and we preach a gospel of freedom for every one."

"Ah?" said Father Andrea softly.

For the first time a premonition fell upon him. He had up to this time paid no attention to the talk of revolution. His paths had not led him a mile from the congested quarter where he lived. It occurred to him that now he must look into such talk, especially if his boys were going off like this. He began to speak then of other things, but the boy was wary and obviously eager to have him gone. There were other lads about and an officer or two. The boy's answers grew shorter and shorter. He cast angry looks at his fellows. At last Father Andrea said kindly: "I see that you have other things on your mind. I will leave you now. Do not forget the prayers that you have been taught, my child."

He put his hand on the lad's head for an instant and turned away, but before he left the barracks, a hoot of laughter arose, and he heard the lads shouting to their comrade, "Running-

dog of a foreigner, are you?"

He had no idea what this meant, and he thought once of going back. He stopped to listen. Some one cried out, laughing like a whip's cut, "Ah, a Christian!" Then he heard the boy's voice raised angrily, half-sobbing: "I hate the priest—I know nothing of his religion. I am a revolutionist! Does any one dare to question me?"

Father Andrea stood stricken. What words were these to come from his lad's mouth, his lad who had been in his school ever since he was five years old? He trembled a little, and a thought shot into his mind like a pang. "So did Peter deny his Lord!" And he went back into the little mission that was his home and shut himself up in his room and wept bitterly.

After that it seemed to him that he had been standing on the edge of a whirlpool and had not known it. He had said that he must investigate this revolution and see that his boys were not carried away. But there was no need of investigation. Knowledge and experience came pouring over him, and he was caught in a maze of difficulties.

There was so much he had not known. He had never heard of political differences between East and West. He had come only as one who wished to bury himself in his mission to a land where there was not his true Church. In this one spot in an immense crowded city he had lived day after day for twenty-seven years, and his small, black-robed figure had become as much a part of the street as an ancient temple or bridge. Children, as long as they could remember, were accustomed to the sight of him, trudging along in all weathers, his pockets bulging ridiculously with peanuts for them. No one thought of him. Women washing at the well looked up as he came by, knew that it must be an hour after noon and sighed to think of the hours before sunset. Men nodded at him carelessly from the counters of the little shops open to the streets and accepted with good humor his tracts and pictures of the Virgin.

Now this was changed. He was no longer Father Andrea, a harmless, aging priest. He became instead a foreigner.

One day a child refused to take the peanuts he held out to it. "My mother says they may be poisoned,"

the child said, looking up at Father Andrea with wide eyes.

"Poisoned?" said Father Andrea vaguely and in great surprise.

The next day he returned with his pockets as heavy as when he started, and after that he took no more peanuts. Once a woman spat after him as he passed the well. Then men shook their heads coldly when he smiled and proffered his tracts. He was completely bewildered.

At last one night his native assistant came to him. He was a good old man with a straggling, scanty white beard, honest and a little stupid, so that he never quite got his *Aves* right. Father Andrea had wondered sometimes if he should not find some one more able, but he could never bring himself to tell the old man that he was not perfect. Now he said to Father Andrea, "My Father, do not go out until this madness is past."

"What madness?"

"This talk about foreigners and revolutions. The people are listening to these young men in long black gowns who come from the South, and they say that the foreigners are killing the people and stealing their hearts with new religions."

"New religions?" said Father Andrea mildly. "There is nothing new about mine. I have been here preaching and teaching for more than a quarter of a century."

"Even so, sir, you are a foreigner," replied the old man apologetically.

"Well," said Father Andrea at last, "this astonishes me very much!"

But he listened to the old man after the next day; for, when he stepped from the gate into the street, a great stone flung at him flew against his breast and broke into two pieces the ebony cross that hung there, and, when he put up his hand, aghast, another stone flew against him and cut his hand badly. He turned white and went into the mission house and shut the door and fell upon his knees and looked at the broken cross. For a long time he could say nothing, but at last words came to his lips and he prayed an old prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

AFTER that he stayed in the compound. Within a few days no one came any more, and he locked the door of the empty schoolroom sadly. It was as if he were in the quiet center of a storm. From outside the lonely compound where he and his

old assistant potted about the garden, strange sounds rose up in confusion from the streets. He locked the gate, opening it only once a day in the evening for the old man to creep out and buy a little food. At last one day the old man came back with his basket empty.

"They will not let me buy food for you," he said piteously. "To save your life I must pretend to leave you, and I must pretend to hate you. But every night I will throw food over the western corner of the garden. And every evening at the hour I will repeat the *Ave*. Our God must look after you beyond this."

HEREAFTER Father Andrea was quite alone. He spent a great deal of time in the observatory, and he allowed himself to think and remember every evening now. The days were long and solitary, and he missed even the lepers. There was no more need to wash his hands except of the clean garden earth that clung to them after he had been working among the vegetables. And, outside, the noise rose and mounted until he fancied that he was on some small island in the midst of a raging sea and that one day the waves would break over him even there.

He withdrew into his thoughts more and more, and he built little dreams of Italy and of the grape garden where he had played as a boy. He could smell the hot sun on the ripe grapes—incomparable fragrance! Sitting in the old easy chair night after night, he began to reconstruct from the beginning his life. It was May, and the stars were brilliant in a purple sky. But he no longer touched his note-books and pens. He had become indifferent to anything of the stars except their sheer unearthly beauty. Thank God for stars and sky everywhere! These Chinese skies in May were like the skies of Italy in summer, the stars hanging heavy and golden in the dark sky. Once on a night like this in Italy he had leaned from his window and gone suddenly mad with the beauty of the stars, and he had run blindly out of the house to Vitellia. His heart was beating like a great drum, shaking his body with every throb, and he had cried that he must tell her that he loved her. When he had got to his brother's house, his brother had opened the door and said kindly: "We were just about to sleep, Andrea. Anything we can do for you?"

Behind his brother he saw Vitellia, shadowy in the room, her face pale and indistinct as a flower in the twilight. She came forward and rested her hand lightly upon her husband's arm and leaned her head upon his shoulder. She was quite content. Passion went out of him.

"No, thank you," he stammered. "I thought—I did not know it was so late—I thought I might come in and talk a little while, perhaps."

"Yes, another day," said his brother gravely. And Vitellia had called, "Good night, brother Andrea!" And the door shut, and he was alone.

That was the night he had stayed in the garden the whole night through, and at dawn he had said at last that he would give himself to the poor, since Vitellia did not need him—the poor of a far country.

Ah, all that passion and pain and the youth he had had to wear down by sheer indomitable will to suffer! He would still never be free of it—never, so long as he lived, quite free. He wondered if there among the stars Vitellia knew—there where surely everything was known. He hoped so. That would mean that he need not tell her of all the pain. She would understand.

He sighed and went down into the garden then, and there at the western end he found a small bundle of cold rice and meat wrapped in a lotus leaf and he ate it and then said his *Aves*, his fingers hovering over the broken cross on his breast.

From outside the wall, in the street, there came the sound of steady, marching feet, thousands upon thousands of feet. He listened awhile, wondering, and then, with a sigh, he went up again to his observatory and sat down, and, looking off into the clear spaces of heaven, he slept lightly.

In the morning he awoke with a start of premonition, as if he had been aroused suddenly by a noise. He could not for an instant collect himself. The stars were weak in the gray light of the dawn, and the roof of the church was dark and wet with dew. From without there came a sound of mad confusion, and shooting and shouts rent the air. He listened. There were several shots in quick succession. He sat up, trying to think what this could be. Was this what had waked him? There was no more marching. A huge blaze lighted up the distant eastern sky. Something was burning—that was

the rich quarter of the city, where the streets were hung with the scarlet and yellow banners of the big grain-shops and silk-shops and sing-song houses. But it might be only the sun rising? No, there was no such splendor of sunrise out of this gray sky.

He dragged himself from the chair and went down-stairs heavily, with vague alarm. He had not slept restfully, and his mind felt fogged. As he reached the foot of the steps and stood upon the grass, there came a terrific pounding at the gate, and he moved quickly to open it, rubbing his head a little to collect his thoughts. This was the noise he had heard in his sleep! He fumbled at the great wooden bar and withdrew it at last and opened the gate and stared out in amazement. Hundreds of men stood there in a mass—soldiers in gray uniform. Their faces were ferocious as he had not dreamed human faces could be, and he shrank from them as he had never shrunk from his lepers. They leveled their guns at him then with a tigerish shout. He was not afraid, only completely amazed.

"BUT what do you want, my friends?" he asked in surprise.

A young man scarcely older than his school-boy who had run away, stepped forward and tore the rosary from about his neck. The fragment of broken cross, all that was left of the cross he had worn for so many years, fell to the ground.

"We have come to rid the world of imperialists and capitalists!" the young man shouted.

"Imperialists and capitalists?" said Father Andrea, wondering. They were words he had never heard. It had been many years since he had read anything except the ancient Church Fathers and his books of astronomy. He did not have the faintest idea what the lad meant.

But the boy cocked his gun and pointed it at Father Andrea. "We are the revolutionists!" he cried. His voice was rough and harsh as if he had been shouting for many hours, and his smooth, youthful face was blotched and red as if with drinking. "We come to set every one free!" "Set every one free?" said Father Andrea slowly, smiling a little. He stooped to pick up his cross from the dust.

The boy's finger moved spasmodically upon the trigger and there was a sharp report and Father Andrea fell upon the ground, dead.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

INDULGENCED ROSARY

Will you please tell me if a deceased person's rosary can be said by another for the benefit of his soul after death?—M. B., WATERTOWN, MASS.

Yes. Indulgences attached to a rosary can be gained by anyone who uses it, and in case of the owner's death may be applied to his soul as a suffrage.

IS TERTULLIAN A SAINT?

Is Tertullian regarded as a saint in the Catholic Church? I was surprised to find Dr. Cadman calling him St. Tertullian in one of his answers.—S. P. E., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Tertullian has never been regarded as a saint by the Catholic Church. He was in the beginning a vigorous defender of orthodox Christianity, but later he fell into the errors of the Montanists, who favored a stricter kind of Christianity than that practised at the time. Tertullian's career, especially the end of it, is shrouded in obscurity. It is uncertain whether or not he died reconciled to the Church.

QUOTING HOLY SCRIPTURE

My husband is a non-Catholic. Before our marriage he read the Protestant Bible. I told him that I would not permit him to have it in my house. So I bought him a Catholic Bible, which he has read from time to time. Now he quotes different texts from it, such as, "Drink and drown your sorrows." He claims that the text means that if a man has troubles which worry him, it is all right to drink intoxicating liquor until you have forgotten your troubles. I don't think that this is correct. Will you please tell me your idea of it?—N. N.

While it might look as though you were interfering with your husband's liberty by forbidding him the use of the Protestant Bible, your substitution of the Catholic Bible is in reality assisting him in being a good Protestant. For the cardinal principal of Protestantism, as such, is that the Bible only is the rule of faith. Yet, the Protestant Bible does not contain all the books of the Bible. So that those who hold to the Bible-only theory are not able to follow the theory, because they haven't the whole Bible. Whereas, the Catholic Bible is the whole Bible, because it contains all the inspired Scriptures.

If such a text as your husband quotes is to be found in the Catholic Bible we are sure that it will be resorted to by many who are in the habit of having recourse to intoxicating liquors in order to drown their sorrows. But we have never been able to discover such a text. Shakespeare says that "the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose," and

"What damning error.

But some sober brow can bless it,
And approve it with a text."

We think that your husband is spoofing you. Yet the Bible does say something very like your husband's quotation. The Book of Ecclesiasticus says: "Wine was created from the beginning to make men joyful, and not to make them drunk. Wine drunken with moderation is the joy of the soul and the heart." (Eccls. 31:35, 36.) (These quotations must not be mentioned, however, in the U. S. A.). But to maintain that delicate equilibrium and not to fall into drunkenness from over-drinking, which is grievously sinful, is the part of a temperate man.

MEANING OF TEXTS

(1) *What did Our Lord mean when He said "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away?"* (2) *Please interpret "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for the kingdom of Heaven is for such."* (3) *Also, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."* (4) *Is it right to pray for a baby under five years old?*—J. E., ANDOVER, MASS.

(1) Our Lord referred to the material heaven and the earth upon which we live. They were always regarded as the most lasting of sensible things. Yet God's word is more enduring than they, for they shall pass away, but "the word of the Lord endureth forever" because truth is eternal.

(2) You will find this question fully answered in the August issue of THE SIGN.

(3) This text means that the carrying of the cross and sharing in the Passion of Christ is the surest means of attaining to heavenly glory, for, as St. Paul says, "If we suffer with Him we shall also be glorified with Him."

(4) We suppose that you refer to adoption. There is nothing wrong in that.

HISTORY BY A CARTOONIST

(1) *I am enclosing a cartoon by Ripley, who conducts a series called "Believe It or Not." He says: that St. Patrick was neither a Catholic nor a Saint, nor Irish, and that his name is not Patrick. Are these facts true?* (2) *Are Greek Catholic priests permitted to marry?* (3) *Are the differences between the Roman ceremonies and Greek ceremonies so pronounced as to effect our claim to uniformity of doctrine?*—J. A., SCRANTON, PA.

(1) They are not all facts, and consequently they are not all true. Ripley says that he is ready to submit proofs for his wonderful cartoons. A Catholic editor immediately wrote to him, asking for the proofs that Ireland's patron was neither a Catholic nor a saint, and that his name was not Patrick. Ripley furnished what he considered his proofs for his startling revelations. He claimed that Patrick was not the saint's name because his real name was Succat. He was not a saint because he was never canonized. He was not a Catholic, because the Church was not definitely

so called till A. D., 1054, when the Oriental (Schismatic) Church broke away from obedience to the Pope. He was not an Irishman, because he was born in Tours, France.

These proofs are very interesting. The only reasons alleged for his statements are those in favor of St. Patrick not being a Catholic. The others are merely assertions.

It is generally conceded that St. Patrick was not born in Ireland; but it is not certain that he was born in Tours, although the opinion that he was born somewhere in France appears probable. Eminent authorities, like Cardinal Moran, hold that Patrick was born at Kilpatrick in Scotland. It will always be a disputed point.

There is also authority for the opinion that Patrick was baptized Succat, meaning "strong in battle." But he was called various names,—Magonius by St. Germaine, and Patrick by Pope Celestine. The saint styled himself Patrick. Surely he ought to have known his own name. Moreover, a man may have more than one name. God changed Abram's name to Abraham, and Jesus changed Simon Bar-Jona to Peter. Saul of Tarsus became Paul. Achilles Ratti is known as Pius XI.

Ripley's proof that the Church was not definitely Catholic till the consummation of the Easter Schism is naive. Catholic means universal. Strange that the Church should style herself Catholic in 1054 A. D., after losing almost half of her members! Ripley's statement, however, doesn't agree with the facts. As far back as the first century St. Polycarp called himself "The Bishop of the Catholic Church of Smyrna." St. Ignatius of Antioch (died A. D. 107) said: "Where Christ is, there is the Catholic Church." At the first General Council of Nicea, held in 325 A. D., the phrase "Catholic Church" is used at least five times, not as proving that the Church is Catholic, but simply taking it for granted. "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church" is found in the Creed formulated in the fourth century.

The Church was, is now, and always will be Catholic. Her constitution knows no distinction of races, nor is she indigenous to one country, like the Established Church of England. She possesses the whole of Christ's revelation and administers all the sacraments. In the beginning she was only virtually Catholic, as to members and territory, but gradually she worked her way into every quarter of the globe. Now she is actually Catholic. She is the largest Christian body, having over 300,000,000 members, out of every tribe and tongue. The mustard seed has become a great tree, in whose branches all the birds of heaven take refuge. The text of St. Augustine in the fifth century is valid today: "Whether they will or no, if they wish to be understood, they cannot call our Church by any name but the Catholic Church, because it is known by this name throughout the world."

Ripley says that Patrick is not a saint because he was never canonized. How silly! He was not formally and ceremoniously canonized, it is true. But that method of naming the heroic servants of God is a gradual development from the more simple one of popular acclaim. The Church has always recognized Patrick as a saint. If formal canonization were required, then St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the Apostles and early martyrs would no longer be considered saints.

N. B.—Ripley's cartoons are not to be taken seriously. We have gone to this length, not because his bold attack on St. Patrick merits it, but because the little ones of the flock must be safeguarded.

(2) No, it is not true. Men already married may be ordained to the priesthood, but having been ordained without a wife, they must so remain.

(3) We suppose that you refer to the Greek Church in union with the Pope, which is properly called the Greek Catholic Church, in contradistinction to the Greek Orthodox Church, which is in schism. The differences in ritual and ceremony between the Latin and Greek Catholic Churches

are accidental, and do not touch the substance of doctrine. They are different ways of doing the same thing.

JACQUES DE MOLAY

Who was De Molay? Was he a good Catholic, and were his acts meritorious in the eyes of the Church? Protestant friends have told me that his life is an inspiration to young men.—L. M., MELROSE, MASS.

Jacques De Molay was the last Grand Master of the Knights of the Temple, a Catholic religious-military order. The order had gradually fallen from its exalted position in the mind of the clergy, the kings, and the people. This change of attitude was due to the order's great wealth and its secret consistories. The Knights were accused of the most revolting crimes. In their secret initiations they were charged with denying Jesus Christ, spitting on the Cross, mocking the august ceremonies of the Mass, adoring idols, and other shameful acts.

Either under torture, or from fear of it, Jacques De Molay confessed to the truth of these accusations. Though the Pope, Clement V, had reserved the judgment of the highest dignitaries of the order to himself, the French king, Philip the Fair, anticipated the action of the Pope, and ordered De Molay to be burned at the stake before Notre Dame in Paris, on March 11, 1314.

Before the fire was kindled De Molay retracted his previous confession, declaring that his greatest crime was to acknowledge the truth of the heinous accusations brought against the order.

The question of the guilt or innocence of the Knights Templars is one of the most hotly contested questions in history. Catholic, as well as Protestant historians, are found on both sides of the controversy. These conflicting opinions make it difficult to arrive at an accurate and just estimation of De Molay's character. But as long as there are historians who believe in his innocence, we can give him the benefit of the doubt in our own minds.

PURGATORY IN THE BIBLE

Where in the Bible will you find positive information about Purgatory? Did our Lord in His teaching speak of it?—E. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.

This question rests on the false assumption that a doctrine is not to be received unless it can be found clearly expressed in the Bible. Luther taught that "the Bible and the Bible only" was the sole medium of faith. But this is heresy. The theory cannot be demonstrated. It was not held for 1500 years before the advent of Luther and his novel assertions. There is no proof in the Bible that it alone contains the whole revelation of God. The true rule of faith is the Written Word, together with the Unwritten Word,—the Bible together with Tradition, and both interpreted by the living, infallible authority of the Living Church.

You will not find the word Purgatory in the Bible any more than you will find the word Sunday. You will find the word Sabbath. But the Sabbath is the seventh day of the week. Yet Protestants worship on a day which is not even mentioned in Scripture. The Living Church instituted worship on Sunday, by virtue of authority received from God, who is Lord of the Sabbath.

There is no mention of this change having been brought about by the Apostles. But the practice of Sunday worship is at least inferred from a few passages of Scripture where we read that the Faithful gathered together on "the first day of the week," and on the "Lord's Day."

It is the same with Purgatory. Though the word itself is not mentioned, there is evidence of the existence of a middle state of purification after death, which Catholics call Purgatory. Just as they called the "Lord's Day" Sunday.

In the Second Book of Machabees, chapter XII, verses 42 to 46, we read that after a battle Judas Machabeus ordered prayers and sacrifices to be offered for those who had fallen in battle. Things which had been offered to idols were found in the clothes of the slain. It was forbidden in the Law (*Deut. 7:25*) to take anything which had been offered to idols. It was to ask pardon of this sin that Judas had prayers offered for the souls of the slain, for "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." (*II Mach. 12:46*.)

This passage clearly indicates that the Jews believed in a middle state after death, where the souls of those who died with lesser sins on the souls were confined. If nothing but Heaven and Hell existed in the next world, it would have been folly to have offered prayers and sacrifices in their behalf. If the soldiers were in Heaven, prayers were not needed; if they were in Hell sacrifices were useless. But Judas was led by his faith to pray and have sacrifices offered for the soldiers, in order that "the sin which had been committed might be forgotten." (*II Mach. 12:42*.)

The two Books of Machabees are not regarded as inspired by Protestants, but they are received by the Catholic Church as truly the Word of God. In two General Councils, Florence and Trent, they have been declared canonical. Even though these books were only historical documents, they furnish evidence of Jewish belief in a state of purgation.

In the New Testament there is no direct and explicit reference to Purgatory by Our Lord. But when He speaks of the sin against the Holy Ghost, which "shall not be forgiven, neither in this world, nor in the world to come," (*Matt. 12:32*), He implies that there is a middle state in the next world where sins may be forgiven.

St. Paul mentions the ordeal of fire, which shall try every man's work, and through which he himself shall be saved. (*I Cor. 3:13-15*.)

St. Peter says that Christ, after His death on the cross, and while He was in the tomb, preached the glad tidings of Redemption to the "spirits that were in prison." (*I Pet. 3:18-20*.) Many of the early Fathers interpreted these texts as referring to Purgatory.

It must not be thought surprising that the New Testament does not offer more detailed information concerning Purgatory. The Bible was never intended by God to be a complete deposit of revelation. All the things which Jesus said and did are not written, says St. John. St. Luke tells us that Jesus showed Himself alive after His Passion, "by many proofs appearing to them, and speaking of the Kingdom of God." (*Acts 1:3*) He must have revealed many things to His Apostles which are not written in the Scripture.

The best proof, outside the declaration of the Living and Infallible Church, that there is a Purgatory, is the practice of praying and offering sacrifices for the dead, which has been observed in the Church since the earliest times, in both the East and the West. In this instance the rule is valid, *lex supplicandi statuit legem credendi*—"prayer and worship are a witness to faith."

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

In the SIGN POST for March you answered a question about determining the morality of an act, when advice cannot be had, by saying, "there can be a case of necessary sinning." If sin is at times necessary, and that which is necessary justifiable, therefore sin at times can be justified. Now, I have always believed that no sin, regardless of the intent, can ever be justified. I have found your answers clear, and not in the least ambiguous, but that particular one has me puzzled.—I. P. D., WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

There is nothing the matter with your belief or your reasoning. But there was a great deal the matter with that sentence which you quote. It should have read: "There can

never be a case of necessary sinning." See what the omission of one word will do! Blame the proof-reader.

WHEN IS THE MARRIAGE PERFORMED?

When is the marriage ceremony performed, before, during, or after the nuptial Mass?—M. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The bride and groom are made husband and wife before the celebration of the nuptial Mass. The nuptial blessing is imparted to the already married couple partly before Holy Communion and partly after Holy Communion.

NON-CATHOLICS: MASONS: INDULGENCES

(1) *A friend felt offended because I called her a non-Catholic. She said it is a term which makes Catholics feel they are in a select group. Is non-Catholic an opprobrious word?* (2) *Is it not true that Catholics cannot join the Masons because it is a secret society, and a member cannot tell even his confessor anything of its activities?* (3) *Is it true that Pope Urban II promised the people who became Crusaders that their sins would be remitted if they went to recover the places in the Holy Land? Wouldn't they have to go to confession first?*—E. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) We think that your friend is over sensitive. The term non-Catholic is less offensive than Protestant. The former is universal and includes all who do not belong to the visible Catholic Church. The use of it eases the relations of both Catholics and non-Catholics to the same Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. That Catholics are a select group, there is no doubt. But not so select that Catholics are not praying, working, and doing all in their power to make all non-Catholic members of this same select body.

(2) The oath of secrecy, which cannot under any circumstances be divulged outside the order, is only one of the many reasons why Catholics are forbidden to join the Masonic lodge. The more fundamental reason of this prohibition is the absolute incompatibility between the principles of Masonry and Catholicity. A citizen could more easily be a 100 per cent American and a Bolshevik at the same time, than that a Catholic could be true to his Church and the Lodge at the same time. At bottom Masonry is a religion of naturalism, whereas Catholicity is the essence of the supernatural. This accounts for the opposition between them along the line.

(3) This was an indulgence granted under the same conditions as the Jubilee indulgence of this year. That is, it supposed that sins were first confessed and absolution obtained for the remission of the guilt of them, before the indulgence could take away the temporal punishment of them.

UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *What is meant by the text "charity covereth a multitude of sins?"* (2) *Did the English Catholics before the Reformation use Old Testament names, like Joel, Ezra, and Jacob for men, as much as their Protestant descendants did in New England seventy or more years ago?* (3) *Recently I read an article by a Jewish writer, entitled "Why Are the Jews Like That?" In describing the Jews as money lenders he made the statement that money lending was forbidden by the early Church, but in spite of that Christian Kings and even Popes availed themselves of the chance to borrow money from the Jews. Is that statement true?* (4) *Have you many subscribers in this city?*—P. M., RUTLAND, VT.

(1) The first meaning of the text is that charity, or the love of God, which is obtained by sincere conversion, cover one's former sins as a garment covers one's body, hiding from the pure eyes of God the crimes of which one has been guilty. This the Psalmist spoke of when he said, "Blessed is the man whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." (*Ps. 31:1*.) Another meaning is that charity for the neighbor inclines one to overlook or excuse the sins of others, treating them with that consideration

which we would like to have shown to ourselves in like circumstances.

(2) As far as we have been able to discover it was not customary for English Catholics of Pre-Reformation times to use Old Testament names when christening their children. The more common masculine names were Robert, Roger, Geoffry, Hugh, and William. The last was the most popular. The liking of the children of the Reformation for Old Testament names may have been due in some degree to the cardinal principle of Protestantism that the Bible and the Bible only was the rule of faith. This erroneous principle lead them to concentrate on the Bible, and as a result they named their children after Biblical characters. It is strange, however, that they were partial to the Old Testament.

(3) The Church never condemned money lending, but she did condemn money lending *at interest*, which is a very different thing. According to the generally accepted attitude of those days the taking of money for the use of money was considered an injustice, and called usury. Popes and Kings may have been obliged to have recourse to Jewish money lenders in order to obtain currency. There was no other alternative in many instances. But by so doing they did not approve of the practice of hostility towards the Jews of the early ages of the Church.

(4) Not anywhere near as many as we would like. There are comparatively few. Would you please tell your friends about THE SIGN.

LEAVING HOME

(1) *If a girl leaves home in order to find happiness and peace of mind, but still lives a good life, would God punish her in any way for leaving home and disobeying her parents? Would you please suggest what should be done in order to live a happy life under such conditions?* (2) *If a girl in such a condition wishes to marry would the banns be announced in the church of her home town?*—N. N.

(1) Children are obliged by divine law to obey their parents as long as they live under the parental roof, and their commands are just. "Children, obey your parents in all things," says St. Paul, "for this is well pleasing to the Lord." Children ought not to leave home without permission of their parents unless they marry, or when they reach the age of majority and are no longer necessary for the support of father and mother. However, this rule suffers exceptions in cases where home life is rendered miserable through the wickedness or neglect of parents. In such circumstances children ought not to run away on their own initiative, but ought to seek the advice of their pastors, to whom it belongs to safeguard them from rash and unreasonable actions. Whether or not your leaving home was justified depends on the circumstances of the case.

If conditions at home have become better, and your parents need your assistance and wish you to return, you ought to obey their request. But if they have not become more tolerable, make the best of your present condition and "cast all care upon the Lord for He hath care of you." Attend faithfully to your religious duties, seek the companionship of those of your own age, and if you feel called to the married state pray to the Lord that He may send a good fellow in your way and give you the power to charm him.

(2) Yes, if the pastor thinks that there may be any likelihood of discovering possible impediments.

PERSONAL REPLIES

To. N. N.—We have no faith in Matrimonial Bureaus, unless they are conducted by legitimate ecclesiastical authority. We have no knowledge of the character of the one which you mention.

To M. A. T.—The case is too involved for us to venture an opinion. Have the case brought to the attention of her pastor.

To M. G.—Tell your confessor what you have written to us.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

The following wish to make public acknowledgment of their thanks to Gemma Galgani, The Three Passionist Missionaries killed in China, St. Anthony, St. Jude, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, The Blessed Virgin Mary, the Souls in Purgatory, St. Joseph, St. Paul of the Cross, St. Gabriel, the Little Flower, St. Rita, and St. Francis: F. X. D., CHICAGO, ILL.; L. J. B., CANONSBURG, PA.; C. M., IRVINGTON, N. J.; J. E. B., NEWARK, N. J.; M. F. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; C. T. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; H. G. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.; M. V. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.; K. R., BALTIMORE, MD.; M. A., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; E. F., LONE ROCK, WIS.; R. G. F., BROCTON, MASS.; F. C. H., HOBOKUS, N. J.; M. J., WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

There had been a misunderstanding in my family, and I asked St. Jude to help me. When all seemed lost, St. Jude answered my prayers for a reconciliation.—E. Y., Mr. VERNON, N. Y.

I was to be kept back another year in my studies. I prayed to St. Jude, and the second day after school started it was decided that I should not be held back.—J. K., HUNTINGTON, N. Y.

I prayed for a long time that my sister would make her Easter Duty and go to Mass every Sunday. A few days ago she said that she wished to go to confession, and wanted me to accompany her. I was so happy that I started right in to thank Almighty God and His Saints.—W. F. C., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

For the past two months I have been asking almost an impossibility of St. Jude that he might find work for me. Through his intercession I am now in a good permanent position.—, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Others who wish to make public their gratitude to St. Jude are:

J. J. F., BROCTON, MASS.; H. F. M., OCEANSIDE, L. I.; C. G. F., AKRON, O.; G. M. K., NEWBURGH, N. Y.; E. O., CINCINNATI, O.; J. J. C., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.; E. A. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; T. M. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; E. M. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.; R. E. B., SWISSVALE, PA.; J. H. T., SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.; T. F. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. E. S., TULLY, N. Y.; C. A. L., RICHMOND, IND.; G. D., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.; E. D., KINGSTON, ONT.; E. E., PROVIDENCE, R. I.; P. M. B., DORCHESTER, MASS.; N. C., HAWLEY, PA.; R. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; T. F. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; A. D., ROXBURY, MASS.; A. P. B., ALLSTON, MASS.; U. M., MCKEESPORT, PA.; J. W., LOUISVILLE, KY.; T. W. E., DORCHESTER, MASS.; T. J. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. H. Z., LOS ANGELES, CAL.; M. E. H., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.; W. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. B. L., —; M. E. K., ROXBURY, MASS.; A. T., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.; M. B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.; E. K., SALISBURY, CENTER, N. Y.; M. V. F., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; F. M. B., EAST ORANGE, N. J.; A. C. K., WASHINGTON, D. C.; G. O'B., REVERE, MASS.; K. C. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.; C. S., BEUCHEL, KY.; M. B., SCARBOROUGH, N. Y.; M. F. W., NEW YORK, N. Y.; C. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. A. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; R. H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; L. F. W., PITTSBURGH, PA.; M. M., MCKEESPORT, PA.; M. M., SIOUX FALLS, S. D.; M. MCM., MEDFORD, MASS.; SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS, ST. JOSEPH, MO.; M. S., CINCINNATI, O.; E. C., ASTORIA, N. Y.; M. S.,

WOODSIDE, N. Y.; J. R. V., —; R. W. B., CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.; C. A. B., NEWARK, N. J.; N. Q., TERRE HAUTE, IND.; H. B. K., CINCINNATI, O.; A. E., CLEVELAND, O.; W. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

Communications

CLERICAL DECEPTION?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Editor Law evidently has two eyes for worthwhile items that appear in public prints, which is one of saying that *Categorica* is an admirable thought evoking department, the contents of which I absorb every month.

Italian priests might well cause the address of the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston to be reprinted for circulation among the members of their congregations. I am referring to the masterpiece entitled: "To the Italians of Boston," which appeared in the July issue of *THE SIGN*.

The letter of Mr. Maggiolo also impressed me. Every man wearing a Roman collar, so called, is not a priest of Mother Church. Moreover, many Protestant clergymen cease to be Protestants when the word "Father" is applied to them.

A short time ago I was in a crowded restaurant in Brooklyn. My table companion wore a Roman collar. He permitted me to address him as "Father." After a short spell of conversation I perceived that the Roman collared gentleman knew nothing about diocesan activities, and I ventured to suggest that perhaps he was a visitor. He rejoined that he was a Protestant clergyman.

Another citation: An acquaintance of mine, formerly a teacher in a Lutheran (Missouri Synod) Sunday School, recently asked a Lutheran seminarian why he was wearing a "priest's collar." The young man replied, "Because it's the style at the seminary."

Let me recite a final true story. A Catholic gentleman, holding an executive position, sauntering along West 47th St., New York City, on a recent Saturday afternoon, decided he would go to confession. He entered a nearby church, went to a confessional booth and confessed to a "priest." Emerging, he encountered a friend who bluntly asked, "What were you doing in there?" The gentleman learned he had been misled by externals.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

JAMES J. MCCABE

HOSPITAL FRIENDS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Few people there are who pass through this life without having spent some time in those havens for the sick—hospitals.

At such time, and perhaps only then, do we fully realize the value of real friends. Not the friends of fair weather conditions, but those tried and true friends who would visit and comfort us in tribulation.

Volumes could be thought and written about the value of such friends, and still be lacking in love, appreciation and gratitude.

With the advent of the radio came friends, friends and more friends. Their number is legion; ready to cheer and visit at all hours. We should hardly call them airy friends since celebrities of all kinds aim to be friends to everyone—even "hospital friends."

It would be difficult to enumerate the various forms of information, entertainment and distraction furnished to hospital patients by these invisible friends of the air.

The daily news bulletins are sufficient to keep informed any patient who is unable to read papers. The sporting and political activities can be easily followed.

Mere words are inadequate to describe the pleasure derived from the music coming over the radio. From the sublime to the ludicrous; sacred, inspiring, thrilling, and almost killing are some of the monologues and humorous sketches. Music and folk lore of distant lands charm and delight, blissly reminiscent of by-gone days or ancestry, perhaps.

Then there are the voices of dear children, who entertain as only children can. Even the circus with all its allurements is brought to the bedside of the sick.

Like the traditional brook we might go on forever, paying tribute to the radio as a boon to hospital patients.

"They also serve who patient stand and wait." By the decree of our omnipotent Heavenly Father, there are many whose hospital sojourn is a long weary vigil, or "until death do us part." To such as these the value of the radio cannot be estimated. It is a source of unutterable pleasure through all the waiting days.

M. G. WICKERSON.

ILL-FITTED PUBLIC SPEAKERS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

At the corner of Hanson Place and Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, I was attracted by the novel sight of a speaker expounding the doctrines of the Catholic Church to a large and seemingly interested audience. No doubt a member of the Guild, I thought, and stopped to listen. He was engaged in answering some questions raised by a member of the audience in connection with the Mexican situation—which he did quite well. However, he went on to bring forth the fact that the Church was always persecuted through the centuries, and recalled the very latest evidence of bigotry in the last election. So far, so good. He did not stop there, but shouted out the rather astounding argument that all Catholics were taught by their Creed to support good government, that their religious leader—Al Smith—was knifed by many of them right here in this city, that these Catholics were stupid, etc. I was shocked and apparently a good many others in the gathering were also. "Well Bill, just what I've always said, you know," remarked one man at my elbow to his companion, who apparently was a Catholic as he replied, "Well, we're not all like that."

There were thousands of Catholics in the last election who voted Republican because they decided that to them it represented the best form of national government. It is my belief that they were certainly within their rights in so doing. It is an insult to say that since one is a Catholic he should support Catholic candidates regardless of his own political connections or beliefs and without regard to the personal qualifications of the candidate for the particular office he aspires to. A Catholic who votes for religious reasons only is no better than the vilest type of bigot and is, furthermore, a disgrace to his Church.

Again, someone asked the speaker some question as to what we will do in Heaven. An absurd question, but nevertheless the speaker undertook to answer it. He said we would praise and love God and have enough other duties to keep us occupied, and went on to illustrate. He was all tired out at night—so therefore his body slept at night—but

his soul kept right on working. Where he got such a novel idea I don't know.

All this leads to the question, Would it not be advisable to ascertain beforehand whether a speaker is fit to talk on the Catholic Church in public? Certainly enough the speaker in question appealed to me as a very earnest zealot, but misled as to some of his conclusions which he unwittingly passed on supposedly stamped "official" by the Catholic Church and so accepted by the throng there assembled.

Judging by the crowd collected, the Guild's movement seems headed for certain success. The crowd wants to know the truth about the Church and a group of intelligent, educated men certainly could reap an enormous harvest of souls. But by the same token immeasurable harm can be done the Cause by well-meaning but ill-fitted speakers who allow their belligerency to overcome their reason.

H. L. MAGGIOLO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEVOTION TO ST. MICHAEL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The question concerning devotion to St. Michael in an issue of THE SIGN just came to my attention. I thought that it might interest you and perhaps the one who inquired as to the devotion to St. Michael that there is a perpetual novena held in honor of St. Michael at the following address: Carmelite Nuns, D. C., Carmelite Monastery, St. Louis, Mo. The promises that this Saint made to St. Philomena, D.M., are truly wonderful. I'm positive that this "bit" of news will be of interest to you. With deep respect and best wishes along with a prayer.

BROTHER OLIVER, C.S.I.

LACKAWANNA, N. Y.

ATTRACTING NON-CATHOLICS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN, July issue, on page 709, has an item headed "In Southern Georgia," which contains these words, "At the beginning of each mission the non-Catholics timidly inquired whether they would be allowed to attend." The same condition is found in Texas. Who is to blame? Preachers in part are to blame because they do their utmost to keep non-Catholics away from the Catholic Church. Again are not Catholics to blame? Do Catholics make non-Catholics feel at home in God's house? It happens at times that pew-holders order non-Catholics out of their seats. Shame on them! Is that the spirit of Christ? The great question is this: How are non-Catholics to be attracted to enter the Catholic Church?

RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

DENTON, TEXAS.

AN APPRECIATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In view of the fact that I look forward with so much pleasure to each issue of your magazine and with such genuine satisfaction do I read it, that I feel I must tell you about it.

Incidentally, I have opportunity to peruse much periodical material, including many Catholic publications. While I enjoy several for one reason or another, there is nothing of its kind (with which I am acquainted) which quite measures up to THE SIGN.

The account of the noble work being done in China, the discussion of various problems of the day, the interesting comments on articles culled from various publications, and the Sign Post are all commendable.

I make a practice of passing the numbers on to my

friends and they are most enthusiastic. It helps fill a real need for reading matter of this nature.

Best wishes for continued success!

MARY VERONICA DOYLE.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

THE CHINESE FAMINE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I recall that someone once asked in your magazine why the daily papers did not publish anything about the Chinese famine. Let us hope that the accompanying communication to the *Post Dispatch* of St. Louis has put someone to thinking. Edward Berwick of Pacific Grove, Cal., writes the communication:

"While in Washington our wise men and wire pullers are wrestling over how to work the farmers' welfare and end his woes, a condition, rather than a theory, faces the world. On one side of the ocean millions of bushels of wheat that is unsalable at any paying price; on the other, millions of our fellow creatures, dying, famished for want of it. Abundance of tonnage is available to convey all this surplus wheat across the Pacific Ocean to those Chinese ports where it is so sorely needed.

"Why doesn't it go? Can it be that there is a screw loose in the world's economic system? For a century past we have been sending our religious missionaries to China to preach that humanity is one. Does this obtain in the world of business and politics?

"From our United States Treasury I learn monthly that the United States has absorbed more than four billions of the available gold that is loose in civilization, leaving comparatively little for other peoples with which to buy our wheat and farm produce. China lacks gold, but produces much desirable merchandise, real wealth, which it would gladly exchange for our wheat. But we put up a tremendously high tariff wall to keep that merchandise out, with the result it keeps our wheat in for lack of that market.

"President Wilson assured us that the United States tariff was only supposed to benefit 10 per cent. of our toilers, and they were the worst paid of any American workers. Herbert C. Hoover found means to market American wheat in Europe, and saved millions of lives in Northern France and Belgium. Cannot President Hoover now devise a plan to feed those starving millions in China and relieve the congested wheat market in the United States of America?

"Since the war rival nations have put up more tariff walls. Commerce implies "trade with." Do these walls assist or hamper world commerce?"

ELSIE DURKES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

WHO CAN BECOME POPE?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your answer to the question on the requirements of one to be elected Pope, in the August SIGN, you say that by ecclesiastical law the conclave is restricted to the choice of those who are Cardinals. While it is true that generally a Cardinal is elected, there is no law that requires one to be a Cardinal before he is elected to the Papacy. In fact Canon 239 No. 2 provides for the ordination and consecration of one who may need either on being elected. There is then no other requirement than that of sex, membership in the Church, and sufficient use of reason to exercise the jurisdiction of the Papacy.

(REV.) WILLIAM CAVANAUGH, C.P.; J. U. D.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are glad to correct our answer by saying that the ecclesiastical law adds nothing beyond the requirements of the divine law in regard to candidates for the Papacy, viz., that "any baptized male Catholic can be elected Pope."

"Young Man's Fancy"

A ROMANCE OF RUSTIC KENTUCKY

By ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL

WARM sunlight, slanting through the cabin window, focussed upon the figures of Mallie Combs and her boy, Jason. They sat near the brightest spot, to make the most of the parting day. Swiftly the fingers of both worked at the carding of the wool, gathered from the small flock of their hillside pasture.

"What we goin' to make next, Mammy?" asked Jason.

"I'm aimin' to make a good warm kiver. This thread's runnin' so smooth and clean, hit oughter to make a fine pretty one."

The light of imagination danced in the woman's eyes as she foresaw her handiwork, an artist's dream materialized.

"What pattern air you aimin' to make?" asked the boy, adding, "Let's make a 'Snail's Trail.'"

"I was a-thinkin' we'd try another 'Young Man's Fancy.' T'other's about wore out."

Her eyes twinkled in anticipation of flowery curves. A century ago, Mallie Combs' ancestors had brought the pattern and its romantic name from Old World firesides to this mountain homeland.

"What is a 'Young Man's Fancy,' Mammy?" said Jason.

A half-amused expression flickered over the mother's face.

"Wa'al, honey, hit's a special likin' for something. Sometimes you mought say it was for a nag or a gun. Some's dead-set on ownin' a passel of land, a field pasture, or a hillside orchard. But I reckon it's mostly for a gal."

The boy worked silently a moment, then inquired, "Will I have one when I'm growed up?"

Through the little cabin the mother's laughter rang cheerily. But the merriment ended upon a sigh, "Reckon you will. They most always do."

How glad she was that several years yet remained before any girl could beguile Jason from her. Her comfort in this thought was all the sharper because of the great closeness between her and her ewe lamb. Isolated from the rest of the world in their little cabin, they were like two wind-blown leaves drifted down the

mountain side. Their little shelter was one of the few habitations to be seen in a mighty world of peak and valley. The vast encircling landscape seemed to intensify their loneliness, but it folded them in a particularly close relationship and, at least on the mother's part, in a profounder devotion than sometimes prevails where numerous cares and distractions exist.

With the exception of one older brother on the other side of the mountain, and a young one who helped her with the crops, all the men in Mallie's family were dead—some the victims of feuds. That fate had taken her young, peace-loving husband who had brought her to this sunny upland in the first year of their married life. A hard-working youth, he had laid the foundations for a permanent home. He had ploughed and planted, set out a little orchard, acquired a small flock of sheep in order that Mallie might have plenty of wool for blankets and other household needs. With fatal brevity his ambitions were cut down.

After his death Mallie's kindred from the other side of the mountains had offered her a shelter or had volunteered to share hers. But she had rejected all help save that of her younger brother. She had determined to keep the house which her husband had begun for her and the boy. These little fields were Jason's inheritance. Valiantly she rose to the challenge to hold them, even as the fathers and mothers of her line in the Old World and in the New had striven to lift and preserve the walls of their earthly dwelling place. She had planned to keep her boy on this side of the peaks, aloof and secure from the broils on the other side. She could manage until he was old enough to help her.

Already he had begun to be dependable, not only in such domestic tasks as carding the wool and flax, but in working the small patch of garden, helping with the chickens, cows and sheep. Their flock was one of their chief resources—supplying the wool for the winter's comfort, and to Mallie's surprise the products

of her loom were to open the way to a new life for her and Jason.

One day as she was weaving on her little porch, a few "strange women" from the outside world came up the path to ask some directions.

"That's a lovely coverlet," exclaimed one of the visitors. "See, Miss Fulton, what a pretty design!"

"Lovely!" exclaimed another member of the party. "Would you sell it?"

SURPRISE for a moment held Mallie silent. "I reckon I mought," she answered.

"Good! How long will it take you to finish it? We shall probably be coming back this way from time to time, shall we not, Miss Carroll?"

"We can, of course; and perhaps this lady can help us today." Glancing at Mallie, she continued: "We are walking over the hills to see if there are any children who might come to the new school we are starting down at the settlement. Perhaps you have a few of your own. Is that one?" she asked, as Jason appeared around the corner of the house.

"He's the onliest one I've got," replied Mallie.

"Has he ever been to school?" inquired Miss Carroll.

"We hain't had no schools ter go to," was the conclusive answer. "But he knows his letters an' kin read a little in the Book. My pappy larned me, an' I've been tryin' to show him inter the light about some of the words an' folks. He knows about David an' G'liath—"

"An' Joseph an' his mean ole brothers, an' Pharaoh's army," piped up Jason who had drawn near the group.

A wiry little creature, bright-eyed as a squirrel, he regarded the visitors with the combined curiosity and suspicion which outsiders inspire among mountaineers.

"Perhaps you might let him come down to the school and learn still more—from other books," ventured Miss Carroll.

A moment's silence followed the suggestion. A strained expression held the face of the mother. Finally

she spoke. "I'm afeerd I ain't got the grit to part with him. He's the onliest one I've got. His pappy's buried up the hill. . . . An' I ain't got no money, nohow."

Forthwith Miss Kelley, who had first commented upon the "kiver" exclaimed: "But the money part would be no trouble at all. If you can make pretty things like that, you can easily sell them for enough to give him a fine start in school. That very one you are making will bring a good sum. People out in the world have not time to make things like that any more. And they have forgotten these pretty old patterns, if they ever knew them. So they are glad to know where they can find 'kivers' like yours and perhaps other things you make. Isn't it true, Miss Carroll?"

"Yes, indeed. We have two little girls whose mother is paying their way with quilts and woolen blankets of her own weaving. School does not cost much anyhow. We can manage with very little."

All the encouragement the mother needed was evident in the speaker's kind glance. But Mallie Combs, eager as she might be to have all the benefits which the world might offer for her boy, was in thrall to another emotion.

"I'd be powerful glad for Jason to have book-larnin', but I'm pint-blank afeerd I cyant part with him. Leastwise, not yet awhile."

Though Miss Carroll and her associates had not been long in the little settlement school, they had already learned enough about the people with whom they desired to share "book-learnin'" to realize the passionate attachment of mountain mothers to their children. A quick sympathy and understanding went to this lonely mother, apparently islanded on the hillside with her son. It was a little too far for the child to trudge to and fro every day. So he would likely have to stay at least through the week at the school. The expression of the mother's face as she spoke made it seem cruel to urge the matter any farther at present. Perhaps later . . .

A FEW weeks later Miss Kelley returned for her coverlet. She set her own price, dictated by the interest of the outside world in such unique craftsmanship. The price startled Mallie and gave her fresh impetus for her work. And the year was to bring more inspiration as other mothers crossed the peaks and returned

with news of the golden opportunities down at the settlement, and for more than 'book-larnin'!"

"New-fangled ways of housekeeping them fatched-on women have. New kinds of food and cookin', diffrunt from what we-uns has et for a hundred years. But, looks like it cyant pizen nobody. 'Pears to agree with them women theirselves. And the young ones air gettin' sleek; even the spindly ones air fattenin' up. Powerful lot of washin', them women makes 'em do. But looks like it don't harm them."

All this talk pricked at Mallie's heart. It woke the curiosity typical of the region and hinted that other children were getting something which Jason was missing. She was torn between two moods. She desired to let the boy have every possible advantage; yet the thought of parting from this "onliest one" lacerated her heart. It gave her a foretaste of what it would be to lose him when he grew to manhood and married. During his years of childhood, at least, she hoped to keep him with her.

But finally ambition for him won the victory. There came a day when she bundled up some of her neatest, prettiest handiwork, hitched the mule to the little cart and drove down the mountainside to the little school, where she was cordially greeted.

"Yes, surely, Mrs. Combs, we can find a place for Jason. He is too bright a child not to have every opportunity to learn. We are so glad to have the quilts and the blankets made from your own sheeps' wool. Bring us more when you can as we can easily place them."

Surprise and gratification overwhelmed Mallie as she learned that the work of her hands could really open this new path for her son. The thought helped to take the sting from the separation and to beguile the lonely hours. What she fashioned in the quiet leisure of her little cabin, aloof from distraction and commercializing influences, had a certain quality, a smoothness and finish that commended them to artistic tastes among the mountain school's patrons.

Meantime down at the school, Jason made rapid progress. His early isolated years, alone with his mother, had given him a zest for the new world now opening to him—of books, companionship, fresh experiences. His wiry strength and quick mind soon marked him as one who

would justify the teachers' endeavors for him. Now for the boy and his mother the days followed parallel patterns of industry—his on the road up the unfamiliar paths of knowledge, hers in the routine of indoor and outdoor labors to keep their little hillside home.

When autumn and winter winds began to whirl the leaves from the trees and suspend farm and garden activities, Mallie's work was mostly indoors. With zest she devoted herself to spinning and weaving for this marvelous market, now opened for the products of her deft fingers. Into whatever they undertook went all that was best in her spirit. Her love was part of the warp and woof. And so, too, was her maternal fortitude, her heroic resignation to this temporary separation.

GOING through her possessions one day, she came across the coverlet with the "Young Man's Fancy" pattern, which she and Jason had started. As she unfolded it, a wave of sentiment swept her, and brought him near. Always it would seem associated with him. And as these thoughts flitted through her mind, it occurred to her that she would finish it for him. When he grew up and perhaps married, she would give it to his bride for their first housekeeping. She had been so proud to have brought several pieces of her own mother's needlework into own home. If she had a daughter, she would have provided her with a similar dower. Now she was all the more passionately eager to do the same for her only son.

So she set herself to the task and joy of finishing the coverlet. Meticulously her fingers moved from one part of the pretty design to the other. Her dreams and her love were the firm, if invisible, golden threads of its texture. She saw her son as grown-up, straight and strong and competent, wedded to some gentle mountain girl. She foresaw the happy time she herself would have with his little ones. She could help with them and in other ways assist her daughter-in-law. They could all live together till the children began to grow up and then Jason could build in the field nearby. Thus her dreams ran ahead, feeding and enrapturing her lonely heart.

More rapidly than Mallie had dared to hope, the school seasons flowed along. In late summer when the

larger girls and boys had to help with the harvests, and in the coldest winter months when mountain roads were too bad to permit full attendance, school was suspended and Jason went home. Because anticipation was always leaping forward to these days of return, Mallie could endure his absences. But there came a day when this solace seemed menaced. Jason had been preoccupied, but at last he spoke.

"Miss Carroll wants me to go down to the Bluegrass to college next year."

"College?" repeated Mallie vaguely. "Cy'ant they larn you everything you oughter know, them teachers at the settlement?"

A FAINT smile flickered over Jason's lips.

"You kin read and write right smart, already. An' Miss Fulton says you kin figure as fast as lightnin'. Kin college larn folks much more than that? Now that you kin read so fast, cyant you find out everything else you want to know from readin' in books?"

"Not all. Looks like there's a good deal to be learned at college. For one thing, they want me to learn some of the new and better ways of farming."

"Farming?" Mallie laughed a strained laugh. "'Pears to me the best place ter start in is right here on your own hillside."

It was significant of how far Jason had gone beyond his little mother that he now wondered whether or not he would be able to explain to her what scientific farming meant, what importance it had for the mountaineers themselves, what the State thought about it. The State had gone to the expense of establishing experimental stations and sending out corps of experts to help people in rural districts make the most of their soils, without impoverishing them and thereby imperilling the human life which they sustained. Jason tried to say something of this, but what was most convincing to his mother was that the teachers themselves wanted him to go. She had received too many evidences of their interest in her boy to doubt their judgment and good intentions. So again she was at the mercy of conflicting impulses — the yearning to have him permanently back home with her, the desire to let him go and get all the advantage the world had to give.

"You want to go?" she asked.

Jason's eyes were gazing far over the peaks to new worlds of mental development and opportunity.

"Yes, but I'll be coming back in the summers and you can come down and stay with me sometimes."

Once more for Mallie the role of renunciation! Through the long years, broken but by summer and Christmas vacations, she kept the little cabin in order and, with the help of her young brother, did what was possible in field and garden. At the end of his second year, looking one day at Jason with vision sharpened by months of absence, she recognized as never before that he was no longer a mere boy. Tall, strong, self-reliant, Jason was a man. A new thoughtfulness had succeeded the dreaming expression of childhood. And as Mallie realized this, her thought leaped onward to his future.

"He'll want to git married, next thing I know. An' I hope an' pray it will be some mountain girl instid of some strange woman from the Bluegrass."

Once dominated by the idea, Mallie began to plan a match-making campaign. She paid apparently casual compliments to a few mountain girls who had won her favor.

"Hev you seen Marthy Parks this summer, Jason?" she would ask.

"No, I haven't," answered Jason.

"She's growed inter a fine pretty gal."

Jason silently received the information. The next day Martha came riding up the path.

"Hi, Marthy," sang out Mallie, "cyant you light an' stay to supper?"

Martha needed no urging. Later in the evening, as Jason mounted his own steed and courteously escorted her homeward, Mallie felt that she had accomplished something. She trudged over the hillside to another neighbor's and invited Julie Smith to Sunday dinner. Like Martha, Julie combined the attractions of beauty and domestic talents. Jason comported himself agreeably through the meal and during the afternoon. Twilight had begun to lengthen the shadows as, again acting the perfect knight, Jason walked with Julie over the hills to her own cabin.

On his return the moon had risen. In its silver light his mother awaited his return. Together they sat a while on the porch and finally Mallie remarked:

"Julie's a pretty little thing, ain't she?"

"She's a real beauty," assented Jason cordially.

Exhilarated by his tone, Mallie continued, "An' she's just as smart aroun' the house as she's pretty!"

"That's fine," admitted Jason somewhat perfunctorily.

"Jes, she's a nine days' wonder. An' she's got some education, too. Can read an' write. She's moughty peart about books. So's Marthy Parks. They ain't no mountain girls kin touch them."

CONVINCING and triumphant rang Mallie's voice. It seemed a pity to distract her mood, but it was inevitable.

"There's no use, Mother," Jason protested laughingly. "I see what you're driving at. Both girls are lovely and smart. But I'm engaged to somebody else. Somebody I met down at college. Her name's Ellen Morton. You'll love her, too. Her people are from the mountains, like our own. They havn't been in the Bluegrass region long."

Though she had anticipated it, now that the blow had fallen, it was difficult to bear. A strange woman coming to break the intimacy and close affection that had prevailed between her and her son! With some girl she had known it would have been so much easier and happier!

"Air you bringin' her here? You kin have the front room."

"We may not be here through the winters, just now. We are both going to teach for a while."

"Not comin' back to the mountains no more?"

"Oh, yes, in the summers. . . . Would you care if I built another cabin out there in the field?" he asked as he looked over the moonlit space to the right.

"No, I always intended for you to hev it, when your family got up around your feet."

"That's fine. But you won't mind if I start right away putting up a shack, to be ready for next summer?"

"No, it's yours, unless you want stay on here with me till you git a good start in life."

"I might be better to begin right away in our own shack," answered Jason with something of the heartlessness of youth, if also with its inevitable assertion of independence and desire to build its own place, to have its own vine and fig tree.

Mallie's gaze had dwelled intently upon her son as she asked her ques-

tions. But Jason's thoughts were soaring beyond the hills. He loved the mountains too dearly to wish to leave them forever. But now above their quiet magic worked the spell of the new life, with its greater opportunities. Above all, he was swayed by the glammers of his companionship with Ellen Morton. She called to him with a twofold charm. Their tastes were congenial, and yet she had the attraction of novelty. Like his own, her people had forged their way over the wilderness road a century ago, but they had drifted down to the more easily cultivated legions. However, there still lingered in Ellen's blood a love for the great peaks, the deep valleys. She shared Jason's wish to spend the summers in the hills. She was in sympathy with his devotion to his mother and with his recognition that Mallie could never leave her little cabin and enter upon an unfamiliar life in the city. So together the young people had planned their own cabin as a summer home, a retreat after the winter's work.

THROUGH the last weeks of his vacation Jason and a few helpers worked upon the new shack. By the time he was ready to return to college, it needed merely the finishing touches. He was in a glow. He whistled and sang over his work. Like the walls of Thebes, his little home rose to music. He was so happy, he did not notice his mother's mood. Sharpened to highest point was Mallie's interest in every stroke that speeded the completion of the small house. Feminine curiosity was whetted to extreme pitch over the convenient closets and shelves which Jason put in here and there.

"You've learned a lot about housekeeping," said Mallie, a faint smile coming to her lips as he explained the uses which his work was to serve. Yet every nail went through her heart. A barrier seemed to be rising between her and her son. This was to be a "strange woman's" house. The thought of Ellen oppressed—she might be high-headed, new-fangled in ways and ideas. All the contrivances for a mode of housekeeping different from that prevailing in the mountains tended to set Ellen apart. If she had been a native of the hills, Mallie would now have thrown herself whole-heartedly into this preparation for her coming, but she could not muster any cordiality toward an alien. Jason did not seem aware of her

withheld cooperation. After the fashion of the infatuated, he took it for granted.

"By the way, mother, I told Ellen we need not bother much about blankets and quilts and comforts; I told her that you had been making them ever since I was a little boy and that you probably had plenty to run both cabins for a while. She's charmed by those two coverlets I have with me."

Mallie made no response. However, the next day she went through her store and laid aside a few that would serve to keep the pair comfortable. But there was one piece which she positively could not relinquish. As she unfolded her treasures, she came across the unfinished Young Man's Fancy which she and Jason had begun together, and which she had destined for his bride. Now somehow she did not have the heart to finish and bestow it. She folded the "kiver" up and put it away.

When the time for Jason's departure came, she tasted the dregs of separation. Though Jason was faithful about writing to her, and she had what might seem lovely letters from this girl he was going to marry, the winter months were poignantly lonely. Her young brother's companionship in no sense compensated for Jason's absence. The chief diversion she had was an occasional visit from the teachers and guests of the settlement school.

The fame of Mallie's handiwork and how it had helped to pay for Jason's education had traveled far. From time to time the teachers and their friends appeared, to leave an order with Mallie or to purchase what she did. Miss Carroll and her associates discerned a need in the heart of the mother who had done so much for her child. Now that Jason was to be married, leaving her alone in her cabin, they knew that it was desirable for her to feel that she had something to do, that she could make something which the outside world would care to have.

"This is Miss Hutchins from away up north, from Massachusetts," said Miss Carroll one day. "She is so interested in what you make, we thought you might have something she could send to a friend, to show what a woman sitting quietly in a mountain cabin has been making."

Mallie went to her cupboard and pine chest and drew forth her treasures. Soft wool, cotton and flax had gone to their careful fashioning. A

joy to the eyes were the textures and the pretty colors—the indigos, clear olive greens, golden yellows, warm purples and crimsones, all achieved from home-made dyes. A delight to the fancy were the quaint names of the coverlets: Rose in the Wilderness, Morning Star, Chariot Wheels, Cat Tracks. Finally, at the bottom of the neatly folded pieces, Mallie arrived at something she had almost forgotten. She took the wrapper off and the guests had a glimpse of the Young Man's Fancy coverlet. Special pride and care had gone into what she had already done! The women exclaimed over it:

"How charming that is!"

"It's the prettiest one of all!"

"Couldn't you finish it soon? I'd love to have it!"

"I ain't aimin' to part with it," said Mallie slowly.

"I'd just love to have it," insisted the visitor. "That pattern is so unique!"

"No, I reckon I cyant part with it."

THE visitor looked baffled. But Miss Carroll was more sympathetic. She had lived long enough among these people isolated from the world of more genial relationship to know that they had their reticences and idiosyncrasies—like individuals anywhere. She bent a kind glance toward Mallie, who began to be communicative.

"You see, Jason helped me with this. He did the carding and helped to start it. We were making it the first year he went down to school."

Promptly Miss Carroll responded.

"Of course, and you naturally have a sentiment about it."

Kind as Miss Carroll was, she little knew how much sentiment was involved. Now that Jason was going from her to someone she did not know, Mallie felt that she just could not relinquish this work of her childish hands. Quietly she folded it and put it away.

All the intenser was her mood because now in a few weeks, shortly after the close of school, the marriage would take place and Jason would soon be bringing this girl home to the hillside where hitherto he and his mother had been estranged from the outer world. Mallie went through the interval as well as she could.

Finally the bridal couple arrived. And, even as theirs, Mallie's new life began—this life of growing accustomed to Jason so near, yet under a

roof other than that which had sheltered his childhood. It was all very well for Ellen to have said, "I am not taking Jason away from you. I'm just coming to help you take care of him and to share you with him."

IT WAS fair-spoken, Mallie admitted to herself. And I must say she's not so almighty new-fangled as I was afeard she'd be. But she's diff'runt—long sight diff'runt from Marthy and Julie. But she ain't no sluggard—that's one good thing! Marthy an' Julie cyant beat her at housekeepin'! I didn't know that bobk-larnin' an' college went with so much sense about keepin' a place. 'Course she's got fotched-on ways of cookin', like I knowed she'd have. But she do look healthy, and Jason ain't pinin'. If he gits skinny, I reckon I kin slip in a chance to fatten him up."

But though she made certain concessions in Ellen's favor, they did not remove the odium of strangeness; they could not entirely soothe Mallie's sense of having lost her boy. Though she saw him every day, their life together was definitely broken. Soon he and Ellen would go away again, and she would be left lonelier than she had been in the years when her anticipation of Jason's return from school had sustained her through his absences. She might as well face it. He was Ellen's now. They were kind to her, but they were evidently preoccupied with each other and their little house. More and more she left them to themselves.

When at last the time came for their return to their work at college, Ellen said:

"I wish you would come and stay with us during the winter. Jason hates to leave you here alone."

Mallie was touched and comforted. She reflected a moment, then declined.

"No, I ain't used to it down there."

She had a curiosity about the new scenes of Jason's life and work, and if he had been alone, she might have ventured briefly into the unfamiliar environment. But now she could not attempt such an adventure. So again she went through the winter, depending for companionship upon her brother, the visits of other hill people and the teachers from the settlement school.

As spring slipped into summer, she began to anticipate Jason's return. But this time her hope was deferred

a little because another member was about to be added to the family.

"We shall probably not get up to the mountains before August. By that time we hope the baby will be able to make the trip," wrote Ellen.

And now a fresh tide of feeling swept over Mallie. She knew a high-pitched excitement over Jason's child. Yet again her sense of Ellen as an alien marred her joy. The child would be partly an alien, too. Ellen would be sure to bring it up in ways different from those prevailing in mountain households, and Jason's mother could not interfere, without perhaps making trouble. So, eager as she was for their coming, she did not have the whole-hearted joy she fain would have had in awaiting her son's son.

In a similarly tempered mood she went through the weeks of their sojourn. Though she doted on small Jason, she was never able to surrender herself to the typical grandmother's unreserved enjoyment. In his exquisite little clothes, luxurious crib, he was more like a strayed angel than like other babies of her experience, coddled by the humble resources of the homespun-clad mountain mothers. He did not seem at all like an indigenous mountain product. She was half afraid to handle him lest she might muss his finery.

Finally the summer ebbed away and plans for the autumn and winter began to be imminent, when Ellen asked: "How would you like to have small Jason and me stay on with you for a while?"

Mallie glanced at her daughter-in-law in obvious surprise, "An' not go along back with his pappy?"

"We thought maybe he ought to get as early a start as possible in becoming a sturdy mountaineer," answered Ellen laughingly, and Jason added,

"His mother thinks you and the mountains made a fairly good job of his father, so maybe you could give the other Jason a good start."

Mallie looked from one to the other. Young folks were queer, these days. She thought both would be so ready to desert her.

"Seriously, mother," said Ellen, "we think this bracing air would be splendid for the boy till the weather begins to be too cold."

So for the next months the two women and the child were left together. Jason was to go up for Thanksgiving Day and take the baby

and its mother back with him.

"Yes, and he really is going to be a mountaineer," declared Jason, looking down at the baby. "Because, after this year, I am coming back home to put in practice what I have been learning about new ways of farming and fruit raising. By the time he's ready for college, he'll have a good bank account from these same hillsides, if his grandmother will let me kork them for her on shares."

"Comin' back to the mountains?" murmured Mallie incredulously. And Jason said: "Yes," while Ellen was smiling serenely as if perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

AFTER all she had not alienated Jason from the mountains and from his mother. It was singular to Mallie, but she was ready to accept the situation with a grateful heart.

Once left alone with the baby, the two women entered upon a new season of relationship and readjustment, inevitably each was drawn to the other. With Jason gone, Ellen depended more than she had done on Mallie, who now found that after all she was not merely helpful but necessary. As she often kept watch over the little fellow, while his mother attended to her domestic duties, Mallie was comforted to find that not entirely outmoded were her own ways of caring for a small human creature. So now, as she discovered herself so useful, actually filling an active and necessary rôle, a mellow mood of peace and contentment was hers. She began to see not merely herself but Ellen in a new light.

"It's come over me that I've been lookin' as just my own side. Reckon I'm just as strange to her—and the mounttins likely air, too—as I thought she'd be. Some of her ways air diff'runt, but when it comes to what's back of her ways, her feelin's for little Jason and his pappy air pretty much the same as mine were for my baby and his pappy. I reckon mothers air mostly the same wherever they air. Looks like I must hev been gittin' awful cranky, here alone so much, broodin' and prayin' over my Jason. I've been pint-blank mean-spirited toward this here Ellen. 'Tain't right; She don't deserve such feelin's as mine hev been. She's as meek an' harmless as a dove, an' I must say I like some of her ways a sight better than the mountain women's ways of keepin' a

child healthy an' their houses clean. It's downright wicked to keep on nourishin' pizenous thoughts again her. It don't take much more than tempers like mine has been to start feuds, an' I always set myself an' reared Jason agin such doin's. Ain't I preached to him that peaceful homes was the beginnin' of peace on earth that the Bible glorifies? An' here I come moughty near startin' wasps' nests right smack on our own calm hillside! Mallie Combs, you oughter to be pint-blank ashamed of yourself an' turn over a new leaf this minute!"

Mallie's examination of conscience and new-born resolutions were flips to immediate reform. The next day she redoubled her efforts to help Ellen. She meditated over her needs and the baby's. They became her preoccupation. Soon one way of service opened. The nights had begun to be cool and Mallie set herself the duty of providing ample covering for her daughter-in-law and grandson. She began to go through her stores to find warm blankets and quilts. As she proceeded, she came

across the nearly finished Young Man's Fancy coverlet. Tenderly she unfolded it, but now somehow without a pang.

"Here's just the thing to bundle small Jason in," she declared.

During her hours alone the next few days, swiftly, magically her fingers flew till the last touches were complete. Folding up the coverlet, her heart brimming with deep, new-found content, she crossed the yard between the two cabins. Through the long glass windows of the little sun-porch, Jason's unique addition to a mountain cabin, she had a glimpse of Ellen sitting by the bright wood fire, with Jason, Jr., in her lap.

"They shore air a fine pretty sight—Jason's wife and Jason's baby! And in Jason's home!"

And as Mallie murmured the words, a rich mood of joy swept over her. Deep wells of feeling were flowing as she gazed into the cabin. One more little citadel of domestic happiness in a restless world! One more small but firm fortress of peace and idealism! Just such bul-

warks her forefathers built of yore in the Old World. And here in these mountains for over a century their descendants had tried to plant humble dwellings upon steep hillsides and in wide lonely valleys. To that great home-making tradition Mallie, single-handed, had tried to add her unit—her little cabin. And now her Jason and Ellen had laid the foundations for another. A sharp sense of the beauty of such building throbbed in Mallie's heart. Here now was an opportunity for her to sustain the happiness and ideality of this new House of Life, Jason's and Ellen's.

With zest for the task and a prayer of thanksgiving for her new blessed mood, she stepped over Ellen's threshold, bringing her gift, the prized "kiver." But far more now was that gift than the work of her hands and Jason's. It was the outward, visible sign of the fresh grace in Mallie's heart—this prettily named Young Man's Fancy coverlet, about to provide warmth and comfort for the tiny but highly important new Young Man, serenely sleeping in his mother's arms.



The Story of Ann Veronica

ONE HAD TO BE WOUNDED

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

HER name was Ann Veronica Smith. Well, not exactly Smith, but Smith will do as well as anything else, seeing that Ann Veronica under the circumstances would not care to have her name broadcast. And this is the story that she told me the first time I met her; it was also the last time I ever saw her.

To begin with, Ann was not exactly crazy about the Veronica part of her name. When she was a child and all through her parish school days she had thought it very beautiful and very different. The Sister who taught the sixth grade was Mary Veronica, and Ann was always elated to think that her own name was almost the same. Too bad hers wasn't Mary Veronica, too. But there was no changing that, seeing that she had been baptized Ann, after her mother's mother. But, anyway, the name that stood out in her mind was Veronica, and where other girls might sign

themselves merely Mary A. or Agnes B., as if they were almost ashamed of what the A and the B stood for, Ann always boldly signed herself Ann Veronica. No mere abbreviations for her with such a distinguished name. But when she entered high school the iron entered her soul. Most of the girls, who loved to discuss names and who sought to disguise their own Mary and Helen and other such commonisms by outlandish spellings rather poked fun at the name Veronica.

"Anyone with the name Veronica has to be a Catholic," said Maybelle Pratt. "My mother says it's Irish."

"And what if it is Catholic?" said Ann Veronica, "I'm proud I am a Catholic. Anyway Mary is a Catholic name and lots of Protestants have it."

"Well, it's a silly name—that Veronica," replied Maybelle; and Ann, seeing that none of the other girls rallied to her defence, knew that they regarded it as silly, too. But for the rest of the school year she continued to sign herself Ann Veronica as if in defiance. At the beginning of the second year, however, she signed herself simply Ann V. and when questioned as to the significance of the V, replied that it stood for Vera. She felt that it was a giving in to the enemy, but she flattered herself that since the name Veronica gave rise to religious discussion there was no harm in changing it to Vera. So Ann Vera Smith in a short time forgot that she had ever signed herself Ann Veronica.

PERHAPS it was a sign of weakness in the character of Ann. But she was stubborn enough in everything else. Too stubborn, thought her mother, who used to

orate to the rest of the family that *that* Ann Veronica—she persisted in calling her daughter by that name even though she knew it was distasteful to Ann—thought she was the boss of the house, just because she was making fifteen dollars a week.

ANN was twenty-one when she began to make fifteen a week. She had been unable to finish high school, much to her disappointment, for her help was needed at home. Her father, a laborer, was out of work half the time. Ann would not come to the point to admit that he was not much good, but all the neighbors admitted it for her, especially when they saw Mrs. Smith going out to do cleaning in order to help support the children. Ann was the oldest of five. And so Ann, with a feeling of family pride as well as of keen disappointment, left school at sixteen and went into the tack factory. The girl who had had great aspirations felt something like a martyr. She began with almost a starvation wage and by the time she was twenty-one could command only fifteen dollars a week.

The feeling of martyrdom grew upon Ann. Her father went from bad to worse, and did not seem to care whether he worked or not. Two of the boys were working, but on the least provocation refused to pay even their board, and when Ann, who was obliged to turn in most of her pay, remonstrated, she was told in no polite language what she could do if she didn't like it. And, to make matters worse, her mother always sided with the boys and agreed with them that Ann Veronica thought she was the boss of the house.

So Ann at twenty-one, being credited with trying to boss the house, decided that she could at any rate be boss of herself. So one fine day she quietly packed her belongings and, before the rest of the family was up, took the train for Boston, fifty miles distant from her little home-town. She was done with the tack factory forever.

When Mrs. Smith read the note which Ann had left for her, she was stunned, then lacrymose, then oratorical. Did anyone ever see such an ungrateful child? Thank God, she had good boys who would never leave home.

"She was a good girl and you all drove her to leave home with your nagging," said Mr. Smith triumph-

antly, but seeing that he was then enjoying one of his vacation spells he was promptly told how much his opinion was worth.

But the departure of Ann was the usual nine days' wonder. Mrs. Smith in her pride arranged the story for the family to tell the neighbors, that Ann had gone to Boston to take a short vacation with some relatives, and that God knows the poor dear child needs a vacation, she has been working so hard all her life. Mrs. Smith put on a good front and philosophised that what the neighbors don't know won't bother them. But with the departure of Ann she put her foot down and insisted that the boys give her most of their pay every week so as to make up for what Ann used to give. Perhaps, after all, she owned to herself many a night as she said her prayers, they had all been too hard on Ann; but the softness disappeared in the morning, and she started every day with the prophecy that Ann would get tired of Boston before the week was out and would be back to her own good home.

But Ann did not come back that week; nor the next. She wrote very nice letters. She liked Boston, she had a good job in one of the department stores, she was boarding with a Mrs. Carroll and it was lovely there, a nice room all to herself, and all the other boarders were nice people, and she was getting fifteen dollars a week and had a chance to advance.

The letters of Ann were very rosy, and were doubly so to her mother because they enclosed a few dollars every time without fail. And soon the Smiths at home took courage to tell the neighbors of the fine job Ann had in Boston, and dilated so upon the lovely time she was having that most of Ann's girl friends thought how foolish they were not to leave the tack factory and go to the big city.

But it was not all so rosy with Ann as she pretended. By the time she paid her board and sent a few dollars home, she did not have much left. But, though she struggled to make ends meet, her life in the main was happy. She was entranced with Boston. And three months after she had been living at Mrs. Carroll's she wondered how she had ever lived so long at "Hickville," as Charley Grantley, one of her fellow-boarders, named her home-town.

Now it may have been that the very fact of living in Boston made

Ann feel so happy, but I know for sure that Charley Grantley had a lot to do with it. Charley was thirty-five, good looking in a kind of way, a good spender, and essentially a great lover. He had a good job with the telephone company. He proceeded at once to fall in love with the demure girl from "Hickville" and insisted upon taking her to the movies and wherever else she expressed a desire to go. He even drove her to Mass every Sunday, and Ann wondered how it was that she was so lucky as to have such an admirer who was at the same time such a good Catholic.

Ann had been in Boston but four months when her mother was surprised, and of course delighted, to receive a letter from Ann telling her that she was engaged to Mr. Charles Grantley and hoped to be married in two months. Then followed a wonderful description of Charley, of his car, his fine job, his handsomeness, and his fine Catholicity. The people of the home-town were soon informed of the wonderful luck of Ann Smith, and the tack factory was in danger of losing most of its female help as Ann's former fellow-workers planned to follow her to the big city and to romance.

Ann was thrilled with this new wonderful love. But the thrill was changed to chill dismay on the day she broke the engagement news to Mrs. Carroll.

"Engaged!" exclaimed Mrs. Carroll. "Engaged to Charley and you such a fine Catholic!"

"Why, Charley's a fine Catholic, too," said Ann, wondering at Mrs. Carroll's vehemence.

"Fine Catholic, indeed!" said the woman. "How can a man be a fine Catholic and be divorced?"

"Divorced?" gasped Ann. "Are you sure?"

"Am I sure? Of course I'm sure. Didn't I know his wife, and a fine girl she is, too. He's a good boarder, and it's none of my business what he does, but I think it's a shame for him to want to marry you when he knows it's against the religion of both of you. Take my advice, child, and have nothing to do with him. There's no luck in divorces."

CHARLEY could not deny it when she taxed him with it.

"I thought you knew," said he. "Anyway it was not my fault. No need of telling you all about it.

That's a closed chapter. There's no reason why it should destroy our lives. I love you and you love me; that's all that matters."

"You know better, Charley," said Ann. "Everything matters. I am a good Catholic anyway; you know what that means in regard to marriage. Now, please, don't argue. It's all a terrible shock to me. Please leave me."

Charley did not argue. He was too wise for that. But he kept up his attentions. He affected a sad attitude. He was never understood. His wife had not understood him. But he begged Ann not to put him off entirely. They could still be good friends. They would say no more about marriage. Meanwhile something might happen to clear the way for their wonderful love. Poor Charley! thought Ann. He is such a good fellow; it must have been the fault of his wife that they were divorced. Well, even if she could not marry him now, there was no reason why she had to keep away from him. True, as Charley said, they could still be good friends.

IN SPITE of the disapproval of Mrs. Carroll, Ann continued to accompany Charley to the movies.

"We've given up the idea of marriage," said Ann to her, "at least for the present. But I'm sure it's alright for him and me to be good friends just as we always were."

"I'm not telling you what to do," said Mrs. Carroll. "You're old enough to know your own mind. But remember what the priest says about them that loves the danger. I've known Catholics before that left their Church because they loved a man."

"O, Mrs. Carroll, you know there's no danger of me going against the Church. I'll never marry Charley until—"

"Until the other one dies," said Mrs. Carroll. "But as far as I know the women in such cases live a long time. Look out, is what I say."

But Ann did not look out. She tried to find excuses for herself. How cruel it was of the Church to destroy her happiness. What would the people at home say if she told them that she was not going to be married after all? Why, she would be the laughing-stock of the town. She continued to pity Charley. He had told her all the incidents leading up to the divorce, and Ann had sided with him. The other woman had been

entirely at fault. That woman had ruined Charley's life; why should he be compelled to live the rest of his life without any happiness? It was a month later that Ann confided again in Mrs. Carroll.

"I know you will think me an awful girl, Mrs. Carroll," said Ann, "but I can't fight it off any longer. I am going to marry Charley next week. We have our license already."

"God pity you for a poor foolish girl," said Mrs. Carroll. "If you were my daughter I'd pray to God to cripple you before He'd let you do such a terrible crime. May God in His mercy open your eyes before it's too late."

Ann made no reply. The words of Mrs. Carroll sent a shudder through her, but she pulled herself together and with a forced laugh went off to work. But in her walk across the city she was far from being in the laughing mood. It's wrong, wrong, wrong, accused her conscience. But I love him so, I love him so, I love him so, was the echo that came back. That moment she felt her heart stop. There was a cripple walking ahead of her, rather hobbling along on a crutch. At once she recalled the words of Mrs. Carroll, that if she were a daughter of hers she would pray to God to cripple her. Cripple her! O God not that! She closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the afflicted man. When an instant after she opened them it was to see the cripple slip and fall heavily to the sidewalk, his head striking against the curbing.

Ann gave a cry and hurried to his assistance. She knelt at the curbing and lifted the head of the injured man against her breast. He was unconscious. The blood was oozing from a deep gash on his forehead. A crowd soon gathered.

"Call an officer," said Ann. She was calm all of a sudden. She opened her bag and drew out a handkerchief and proceeded to sop up the blood, and held the handkerchief there in the effort to stop the flow of blood. When the ambulance had taken him away to the relief hospital she stood in the crowd and heedlessly put the blood-stained handkerchief back into her bag, and then, feeling somewhat overcome by the experience, went on to the store.

She thought no more of the handkerchief until that night when she was telling Mrs. Carroll of the accident.

"And just think," said Ann, "I put the handkerchief back in my bag. Here it is. I think I had better burn it. And it was one of my very best ones, too."

"What a fool you'd be to burn it," said Mrs. Carroll. "Blood washes out easy. If you don't want to wash it, I will."

"Don't be silly, Mrs. Carroll," said Ann. "I'll wash it myself. It's too good to throw away."

The first thing that Ann did when she went to her room was to wash the handkerchief, with a bit of shuddering, it is true, but then with a laugh at her squeamishness as she saw that it came out of the wash perfectly white. She spread it out on the mirror to dry and then proceeded to get ready for a trip to the movies with Charley.

Charley was lovelier that night than ever before. He was exuberantly happy and succeeded in conveying some of his extra happiness to Ann. What a fool she would be to give him up for a scruple, she thought, as she returned to her room that night, thinking over in all the details the wonderful plans he had made to make her happy. What was there about her that had made Charley love her so. Was it her beauty? She went to the mirror to look. Oh, yes, there was the handkerchief. The poor cripple! She wondered if he had died. And then her heart seemed to grow cold. The handkerchief was no longer beautifully white. It was streaked with brown lines. She shuddered. It was not that the handkerchief was stained. But the stains had taken on the lines of a face. Not, however, a face—but *The Face*! Ann was not superstitious, but she knew that the stain had worked itself into the semblance of the Holy Face. She had often seen that picture of the Holy Face; there was one hanging by the great Crucifix on the back wall of the little church at home.

I'M GETTING crazy," said Ann. It was a freak of the stain that she had not wholly washed out. She tried to laugh, to reassure herself, but the laugh sounded hollow even to her own ears. But, freak or not, there was the Face!

"Ann Veronica," she said aloud. "you're slipping! Ann Veronica! Ann Veronica!—Veronica!"

Veronica? Why did she speak that name now. She had never used

it for years. Veronica! Why, that was the name of the woman who wiped the blood and sweat off the face of Jesus Christ, and He rewarded her by leaving on her towel, or handkerchief, the impression of His Face! And she, Ann Veronica, had wiped the blood off the face of the cripple. The cripple—I would pray to God to make you a cripple—. And before she knew it Ann Veronica was kneeling beside her bed and letting bitter tears fall upon the stained handkerchief.

It was a very much upset young woman who came to me the next day and told me her story without sparing a detail. When she finished, she opened her bag and out of several wrappings of paper produced the handkerchief.

"Can't you see the face, can't you?"

she said eagerly. "*His Face?*"

Frankly, I could not. It was just a handkerchief somewhat stained, and I honestly told her so.

But she was not a bit disconcerted. "Well, anyway," she said, "it's there for me. I can see it and, oh, so plain."

"And that's all that counts," said I. "I am not saying that it is not there. God meant the vision for you, and if you find it there—well, God's gift is not in vain."

"And it isn't in vain" she said, the tears in her eyes. "I was about to commit a terrible crime, and He has saved me from it. Today I'm going back home. They need me there."

I never saw Ann again. I had one letter from her several months after she left Boston and I knew from its tone as well as from her own asser-

tion that she was very happy, and that the family, too, was prosperous and happy. She never told the folks about the handkerchief, she said, afraid that all would laugh at her, but she said that every night before she went to bed she spread it out on her pillow and said her prayers before it.

I don't suppose Ann ever connected the two things, but often as I think of her and her handkerchief I remember Mrs. Carroll and her declaration about the cripple. Somehow I can't get that cripple out of my mind. God did not cripple Ann Veronica in order to preserve her from the meditated crime, but there was one that had to be wounded for sin, and who should it be save the One Who left the imprint of His Face on the handkerchief of another merciful Veronica?



What Happened at Kienthal?

WHERE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION WAS BREWED

KIENTHAL? Kiénthal? Does the name recall anything to mind or have we already forgotten that Bolshevism was hatched in that nest?

I spent last year at Kiénthal, merely as a tourist, however, for I had entirely forgotten that it has an historical interest attached to it. This fact was brought to my remembrance through a long paradoxical discussion with my travelling companion on the question as to whether or not we have a right to put an end to life. We all know the problem by which medical men are sometimes faced, that is—is it permissible for a doctor, whose patient is suffering from an incurable disease and whose end is inevitable, to spare him further atrocious sufferings by hastening that end? But is it necessary to encourage doctors in such a dangerous practice, do they not, of course without evil intent, kill off enough people as it is? Or would it be a duty to hold out a saving hand to a dangerous bandit who, when climbing the mountains, lost his footing on the edge of a chasm? Would it not be easy to turn aside and become absorbed in the scenery, very beautiful by the way, and well worth looking

By HENRI BORDEAUX

From the French

By RAY GALLIENNE ROBIN

at? A little incident told us casually by our guide—not that we needed a guide to cross so easy a pass, but we wanted our bags carried—just missed setting the discussion ablaze.

I went to this valley, one of the most peaceful and least known in Switzerland, in search of rest. Starting from the Lake of Spiez you quit the line of Lœtchberg at Reichenbach and follow the length of a torrent by a winding way impracticable for cars. No noise, no dust, only an infinite peace reigns over pastures and forests as you climb slowly on. Kiénthal is a pretty village situated at about 4,000 feet of altitude in the midst of calm yet wild scenery and closed in by a wall of rock and pines, above which appear the snowy heights of the Blumlisalp, almost as fine a group as that of the Jungfrau. But I did not remain at Kiénthal: I pushed farther on. This wall appears to be impassable, but the path cuts into it, seems to lose itself, and finally opening out, discloses a gorge

into which the wonderful cascades of Pochtenbach, Hexenkessel and Dundenbach come thundering down. Ah! how difficult those dreadful names are to pronounce! I remember that my friend, René Boylesve, whom I had invited to joint me here, drew back at the last moment appalled by such syllables. "No," he wrote sadly, "such geography would not be good for my health." He preferred the Vendômois country and gardens. And yet these *moulins de glacier*, as they are called, where the water turns round and round hollowing out regularly-shaped funnels, are of extreme and romantic beauty. With one more effort to get out of the gloomy gorge you reach Griesalp a stage above, separated from the world, at the foot of the near group of the Blumlisalp, whose summits you can count as well as the rocks of the Wilde Frau and the glaciers of the Weisse Frau. Travellers in search of quiet amongst the mountains, or who wish to venture the ascent of the summits, will find there a good hotel, built in the form of an enormous chalet, which is well known to lovers of winter sport as well as to summer Alpine climbers.

After two or three days' rest in a valley I have always begun to wonder what there can be behind the mountains, for however high and steep the barriers of rock may be, they soon make me feel as if I were in prison. But when the summits that dominate them are nearly 14,000 feet high, and youth is passed, is it worth while risking one's neck merely for the pleasure of gazing into space? However there are the *Cols* (or necks) and they are the consolation of Alpinists of mature years, for by means of these *Cols* they can get around the obstacle and be suddenly met by the view again opening out before them. On the other side, well! there is the Jungfrau Group; and there is Mürren, the playground of dangerous sport. How I long, suddenly, to see Mürren again, so dear to lovers of bob and ski!

You go there by Sefinenfurgge, but you have to complicate your itinerary a little by passing the night, without any special reason, in a hut—try to remember its name if you can—the Gspaltenhornhütte, which is built against the rocks of the Büttlassen. From there you cross over the side of the Büttlassen and you arrive at the Col. It is an enjoyable and easy little climb over rock and snow, and your exertion is more than rewarded by a view of which the eyes can never weary, for they travel from the imposing range of the Blumlisalp to the incomparable group of the Jungfrau, of the Mönch and of the Eiger, to rest farther still upon other white phantoms such as the Wetterhorn. The descent of the Col du Géant to Chamonix, with the opening up of all the peaks, that of the Trift to Zermatt, opposite the Cervin, the Mont Rose and the Mischabels, are not more dazzling and resplendent. Once again I experienced the enthralment of white solitudes, pure air and the glorious peace of the summits after the exhilarating contest of the ascent which had been one of the joys of my youth. In this immense, luminous dining-room we lunched.

It was then that the guide, before he would allow us to make the descent to Mürren, told us his little story, and yet it could hardly be called a story; it was an insignificant anecdote of something that had happened in his guide life.

One of my companions was re-

calling a happy and beneficial stay he had made at the hotel of the Griesalp, and said he had known there a neurasthenic lady who was so much in love with the mists that she only cared to go out when there was a fog. Consequently she often got lost and a search had to be made for her. One day she was found wandering just above one of the famous cascades whose rhythm had fascinated her, but she showed no gratitude to her rescuer. Was she not, after all, mistress of her own fate?

"Yes," intervened the guide, "it must have been above the Falls of Dündenbach, because I, too, rescued a traveller from there. He was a queer fellow, a foreigner, a German, or more likely a Russian."

Guides while in pursuit of their calling naturally become familiar with all the different nationalities.

"Was it long ago?" asked one of the party, not much interested in what the answer might be.

"During the War. It must have been in the Spring of 1916, in the month of April, because snow and ice were still about. The man had slipped, he was hanging over the water only holding on by his hands, he could not climb up and was calling for help. But no one heard him on account of the noise.

"I happened to pass that way. I saw him, I climbed up and seized him by the arm. Just in time! The next moment he must have fallen. When we were out of the scrape he looked at his hands that were red and bleeding, then he rubbed them together, chuckling all the time. At last he said in German:

"'You have done a great thing; you will hear more of me by and bye.' But I never have heard more of him."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"No, he did not. I knew he came from Kiéthäl where there was a great mustering of foreigners at the Hôtel Baer, although it was not in the season."

"At Kiéthäl, at the Hôtel Baer, in April, 1916! By Jove! my friend, you saved either Lenin, Radek or Trotsky! You would have done far better to let him fall over, for your rescued man has caused the fall of innumerable heads; so are not you, too, a little guilty?"

But the honest Swiss face showed no comprehension of the paradox nor of the joke. A guide who holds out his hand across the

abyss is only following his calling, and even if it had been a question of saving Lenin, could he have hesitated?

And was it Lenin? It certainly was not Lenin. In all probability it was one of the other Russian revolutionaries, for the Russian revolution was brewed in Switzerland, and it was touch and go that there was not a revolution in Switzerland as well.

It was very near it on the 10th and 11th November, 1918, while the Germans were entreating for the armistice which should put an end to the war. The attention of the world was diverted from these facts; but, to-day, history should carefully collect them.

Thus the generosity, or the weakness, of the Federal Council of Berne, under the pretext of respect for the opinions of others, allowed the International to begin, or carry on, freely its work of destruction.

A first conference was held during the summer of 1915 at Zimmerwald, a charming little village in the Bernese Country; nearly all the Russian staff were already there, Lenin, Trotsky and Zinoviev; while Switzerland was represented by two Socialist delegates, Naine and Grimm. The name of Grimm, who was always agitating, should be retained in order to understand through his career how easy it is to pass from Socialism to Communism and finally to revolution. Lenin was then living at Zürich, from there he directed the propaganda, for it was at Zürich that Bolshevism was elaborated, and even then they were preaching desertion from Army and Navy, and against national defence.

But though the Conference of Zimmerwald, followed by another held in the Casino at Berne, are well known and talked of and even quoted in various manuals, the one held at Kiéthäl, important in another sense, is too often passed over in silence. It was kept far more secret, yet it was there that the momentous resolution was taken definitely to abandon the minority programme for Bolshevism or the majority programme.

IT OPENED ON April 25, 1916, in the unobtrusive and rather pleasant little hotel *l'Ours*; forty-five members were present, among whom were Mme. Angelica Balabanof, Lenin, Radek, Munzenberg—Naine, Platten

and the reputed Grimm for Switzerland—Brizon, Blanc de Vauluse and Guilbeaux for France. The proprietress of the hotel told me that these illustrious visitors spent five days there drinking tea and smoking day and night. The meetings were carried on till two or three o'clock in the morning and on the last night they worked without ceasing. Lenin did not appear to play the principal rôle, or maybe he was pulling the strings of the puppets and allowing them to be under the delusion that they were the leaders, while he contented himself with keeping the secret control in his own hands.

MADAME BALABANOF, on the contrary, made herself important. She presided over the meetings again and again with a face illumined as that of a visionary. Sprung from an obscure middle-class Russian environment, she finished her studies in Germany and while there became infatuated with the doctrine of Karl Marx. On this account she was suspected in her own country and therefore went to Italy to work there for the Socialist cause and for a certain time she collaborated with Mussolini in work for the paper *Avanti* of Milan. This was before Mussolini's bold stroke in favor of Italian nationalism. In her Memoirs, which appeared recently in German, Madame Balabanof vilifies her former employer, and disdainfully describes the Swiss as a nation of lower middle-class people. Nor does she spare the Russian revolution which, since the death of Lenin, has deviated from pure Communism, re-established the distinctions between the classes and abandoned Marxism, so dear to herself. It is easy to imagine her at Kiéthäl frantically stirring up their energies while she drank innumerable cups of tea. The one who listened to her with closest attention must certainly have been that Robert Grimm who was anxious to get sent off to Russia, and who hoped for the German triumph in the war.

There is no doubt that the departure of Lenin and his gang was resolved upon at Kiéthäl. Monsieur Vierende in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for May, 1918, relates how "in two parties, at an interval of a few days, the present masters of Russia, her disorganizers and the signatories of an infamous peace, reached the Swiss frontier in carriages specially prepared for them, crossed Germany,

entered Russia and accomplished the disastrous work known to the world.

It would be of interest to read a little pamphlet that came out at Lausanne, "*Les troubles révolutionnaires en Suisse de 1916 à 1919*" par un témoin (this witness is Colonel de Vallier) which gives an account of the events that followed the return of Robert Grimm to Switzerland and of the Communist propaganda; this pamphlet by no means controverts the anti-militarist campaign. Nor must we forget the reports of General Nivelle and, later on, those of General Pétain, of this same campaign in France which resulted in the disturbances of May-June, 1917, after the repulse of the attack of April 16th. They denounced the nefarious work that was being carried on behind the lines against which no action had been taken. Colonel de Vallier quotes, as an inscription to his pamphlet, these words of Gustave Le Bon's: "The principal cause of the increasing progress made by anarchy amongst the masses is always the weakness of governments." And he points to Switzerland, more and more infested by suspicious undesirables, unruly fanatics, vague idealists, phrase-makers and men of superficial education, old offenders, deserters, rebellious subjects, provocative agents and spies.

"They swarmed at Zürich, at Berne, at Lausanne and at Geneva. At Zürich they held their meetings at the Café Pan; here they proclaimed the pacifism of a new age—*put an end to the war of nations so that class war may begin.*" The results were not long in forthcoming. In November, 1917, that Berne and Zürich just escaped the infection of the revolution. Another agitator, named Platten, who like Grimm and been to Russia, had brought back with him the opinions of Lenin, who saw in Christianity the principal enemy of the International.

The great obstacle to the revolution, however, was the Army which, mobilized in August, 1914, had faithfully kept the frontier and remained undemoralized by the long wait to which it had been subjected, though they tried in a thousand different ways to disaffect it. It had at its head a remarkable chief, General Wille, who from the beginning had realized the danger and had kept up a strict maintenance of discipline, whereas the Federal Council had allowed itself to be dominated by the

two centres of revolutionary propaganda, the Committee of Olten presided over by Grimm, and the Soviet Legation at Berne. Grimm could with impunity threaten a general strike, and the Soviet envoy, a Jew of the name of Berzine, had turned the legation into a Bolshevik laboratory. Finally he and his staff were expelled from the country.

Everything was now ready for a revolution in Switzerland. It was to break out on the 10th and 11th of November, after the proclamation of the general strike; but the foresight of General Wille, clearer than that of the civil authorities, who were always too generous or too weak—it is sometimes difficult in politics to distinguish between generosity and weakness—and the stability of the army prevented it.

Berne and Zürich were put into a state of siege and almost the entire country, at last awakened to the danger it had run, ranged itself on the side of its defenders.

At that time the army (though ravaged by the Spanish influenza, to which thousands fell victims), ill and tired out, was particularly meritorious in suppressing the outbreak with patience and resolution combined.

GENERAL WILLE, in despatches of November 20, 1918, was fully justified in congratulating it in these words: "In accomplishing this painful duty for the maintenance of order with the same devotion as you showed in guarding the frontier for four years, you have proved that you are ready and willing for any sacrifice to assure our rights and our democratic liberties at home, as well as to defend our independence abroad." Such is this curious and little-known page of the history of Switzerland so endangered at the end of the War. But I shall not know, I shall never know, which of the Kiéthäl Bolsheviks our guide rescued at the Falls of Griesalp.

My neighbor, or my servant, or my child, has done me an injury, and it is just that he should suffer an injury in return. Such is the doctrine which Jesus Christ summoned His whole resources of persuasion to oppose. "Love your enemy; bless those that curse you": such, He says, is the practice of God, and such must ye imitate if ye would be the children of God.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Oxford Dominicans

THE BLACK FRIARS COME INTO THEIR OWN

By BERNARD DELANY, O.P.

THE early days of the Dominican Order were among the most wonderful in its long history. So manifestly God blessed this new beginning that the Order seemed to enter into its golden age with one easy bound. It grew and spread in a blaze of glory which was hailed as a new miracle of Pentecost, and within ten years of its foundation nearly all Europe knew its name.

In 1221, when the Order was as fresh and young as six years old, the Black Friars came to England. The General Chapter, which met at Bologna in that year, determined to send thirteen friars to England; and under the leadership of their Prior, Gilbert Ash, and in company with Peter des Roches, the Bishop of Winchester, they landed at Dover on the 6th of August, the very day when their saintly Father, Dominic, went to his reward; although naturally in those days, when news traveled slowly, they were only to learn of their loss later. Travelling humbly on foot, they reached Canterbury the same day, and were hospitably received by the Benedictines and warmly welcomed by the English Archbishop, Stephen Langton. Hearing that they were Preaching Friars, the Archbishop begged for a sermon, and the Prior stood up and preached before the Primate and the monks of Christ Church; and with no small applause the first Dominican sermon was heard in England. But it was not in Canterbury nor in London that the first Dominicans wished to fix their English centre. True to the ideals of their Founder, who wished his Friars to preach the Faith by teaching and to teach the Faith by preaching, they pressed on to Oxford which was in those days the intellectual capital of England. Here friends came to their aid and they were able to make a foundation in the Jewry somewhere near the site where the Town Hall now stands. Within twenty-five years they were obliged to move to another site and, helped by King Henry III, and the Countess of Oxford, they built for their rapidly growing Community a more capacious priory and church on

a pleasant river island just outside the south gate of the town. Their new church was consecrated on the 15th of June, 1262, by the Bishop of Lincoln, Benedict of Gravesend.

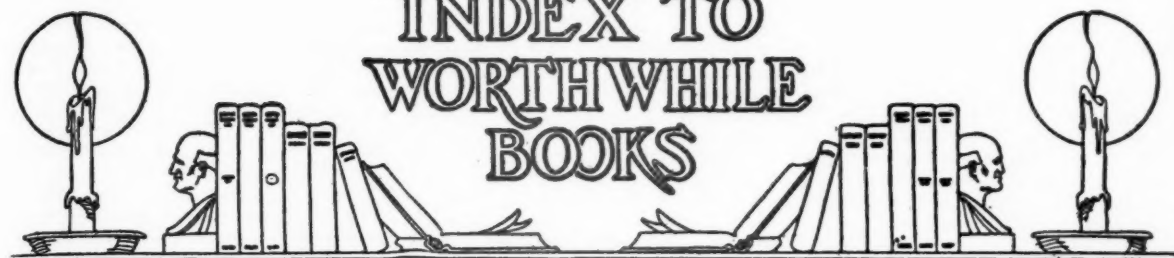
The coming of the Black Friars was timely and providential for Oxford. Quarrels between townsmen and students had driven professors and pupils away from Oxford; and the university, as much as the rest of England, was still suffering from the evil effects of the Papal interdict—that eight years of spiritual misery and social anarchy, brought upon his country by the wretched King John. The coming of the Dominicans gave exactly the impetus to serious study and disciplined life which all men of goodwill so keenly longed for. The great Bishop of Lincoln and diocesan of Oxford, Robert Grosseteste, welcomed and encouraged the Friars as God-sent auxiliaries in all his schemes of reform. The Sons of Dominic came armed with a papal commission to teach and preach as apostolic helpers of the Bishops. The Oxford schools grew and flourished, and as early as 1246, the Oxford Priory was named by the Order a *Studium Generale*, whither Dominicans might be sent for the purpose of study from any part of the world. What the Dominicans did for Oxford and its university in those days is plainly written in the records of the time. Such names as Robert Bacon, Richard Fishacre, Robert Kilwardby,—afterwards to become Archbishop of Canterbury and later Cardinal,—John of St. Giles, Ralph Bocking, Nicholas Trivet, William of Hotham, and John of Darlington stand out pre-eminently among the list of distinguished teachers, who helped to win for Oxford a renown equal to that of any seat of learning in Europe.

For three hundred years the Dominican Priory and Schools kept high and glorious the standard of religion and learning in Oxford. Then came the evil days of the sixteenth century and the spoliation of the monasteries, decreed and enforced by the

tyrannical King Henry VIII. The Black Friars were expelled, their schools disbanded, their altars overthrown, their solemn chant silenced, their home so completely destroyed that no stone remains today marking even the ruin of its former glory. Dominican Oxford was dead. When distinguished Dominicans came to Oxford from abroad to receive academic honors even so recently as in the last century, they came almost as fugitives and in disguise; and we are told that the French Dominican, Père Didon, arrived in secular garb and not even dressed as a priest. Père Lacordaire describes somewhere a visit he made to Oxford, and his sense of loneliness in this beautiful city which had been made by Catholic traditions; there was no friendly face to welcome him in this city of perpetual youth—so thoroughly had every Dominican trace been blotted out. For four hundred years Dominican Oxford was dead.

On the 15th of August, the feast of our Lady's Assumption, 1921—exactly seven hundred years from the day when the Black Friars first set foot in Oxford, the foundation stone of the new Dominican Church and Priory was laid in St. Giles', just outside the north gate of the town. And only the other day on the Monday of Whit Week, May 20, the new Dominican Church was consecrated by a Dominican Bishop, the Right. Rev. Felix Couturier.

This year 1929, the centenary of Catholic Emancipation, sees us reviving memories of the past; but it is a marvellous mercy of God that He allows us not only to revive memories, but to make the dead past live again, and to give us the sweet picture of history repeating itself. The Oxford Dominican schools have been opened again, the solemn liturgy is once more heard in a Dominican church, the eternal miracle of Calvary is daily perpetuated on its altars. The "Home of Lost Causes" is once more the home of a cause which we believe can never be finally lost even though its glory may grow dim and seem to disappear for a time.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE SECRET OF THE CURE D'ARS. By Henri Ghéon, trans. by F. J. Sheed with a Study by G. K. Chesterton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price: \$3.00.

The life of the Curé of Ars is incarnate proof of the assertion of Jesus, "The foolish things of this world hath God chosen to confound the wise; and the weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the strong."

Here we have the life story of no towering genius, of one who has never an infant prodigy; rather, the history of the most obscure and most humble of priests, but one of the greatest. As a youth there was nothing of the precocious about him, he was not even of ordinary intelligence. In the seminary he was consistently unable to cope with his studies, and only by charity was he able to get through his examinations. Ordained, he was placed in an insignificant country parish where it was thought he would do no harm and, perhaps, a bit of good.

Not so many years later half of Christian Europe was making pilgrimages to this little village, there to sit in awe and veneration at the feet of its humble curé. And today he is numbered among the Church's blessed—one of our newest saints. Such are the workings of the Divine Mind; to the world foolishness; but out of this foolishness what a tower of wisdom and strength.

This, in very brief, is the story that M. Henri Ghéon has attempted to construct for us in his admirable *THE SECRET OF THE CURE D'ARS*. To write such a life properly, he tells us in the first chapter, would require five or six Balzacs. That immortal's monumental *La Comédie Humaine* is, "... a mere trifle compared with the play that was enacted at Ars over a space of thirty years, and at exactly the same time, with all the threads in the hands of one poor priest."

M. Ghéon has succeeded remarkably well in his task. He has given us, if we may be allowed the expression, a life of a Saint done in the modern manner. It is eminently readable; it fairly sparkles. No small share of credit for this facility and gracefulness of style is due

the translator, Mr. F. J. Sheed. It is no preponderous hagiographical tone, overburdened with notes and references, neither is there a surfeit of pious folklore or impossible legend. It tells the story of Jean-Marie Vianney simply and attractively. "This little book," he says, "is history." That being so, it is stranger than fiction. It is appealing, it is gripping, it is wholesomely edifying. Truly Henri Ghéon has captured and given us the secret of the Curé of Ars.

Appended is a searching and engaging study from the pen of G. K. Chesterton characteristically and paradoxically entitled "The Challenge of the Curé d'Ars." Happily it is at the end of the book where its value and significance can be more fully appreciated.

Altogether, this is a remarkable book.

TERESA OF AVILA, THE WOMAN: A STUDY. By Catherine F. Mullany. Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati. Price: \$1.25.

The author describes her work as "a literary mosaic, composed of bits of color and description taken from Mrs. Cunningham-Graham's exhaustive work, extracts from the Life of Saint Teresa by Father Coleridge, S. J., selections from the Saint's own writings, and personal arrangement and limning."

The assembling of the delicate colors and forms in this mosaic has been done by an artistic hand; and the result is delightful. Miss Mullany shows us Saint Teresa, not with the sombre characteristics which writers too often give to the Saints, but as a living, loving woman, mystical yet practical, possessed of business ability, common sense, and unquenchable sense of humor.

As we read, we walk the streets of picturesque Avila, as it was in the sixteenth century, we learn something of the old Castilian nobility, and understand something of the difficulties encountered before Dona Teresa d'Ahu-mada could become Teresa of Jesus. We travel with the Saint on her foundations; with her, we make merry over the trials of the road we kneel with her at prayer, or listen to her teachings as she imparts to her daughters her sweet

spirit of self-forgetfulness for the cause of God.

One of the best points about the book is that it suggests thought rather than elaborates it. It is a delicate miniature that makes the reader want to know more about Saint Teresa. It inspires the hope that many who have known little of the Seraph of Avila will read the Saint's own writings. Such readers have a world of interest and delight awaiting them, they will obtain, from the "Book of Foundations," from the Saint's "Letters," and her treatises on the spiritual life, an insight into depths of character at which Miss Mullany has merely hinted in her little volume.

There are a few inaccuracies in Miss Mullany's work. For instance, we are told that Saint Teresa's daughters rose at six, and that they had a siesta at the noon hour. This is a more comfortable arrangement than the Rule provides, for in Carmel the siesta is allowed only in the Summer, when the Nuns rise before five o'clock. On p. 88, we are told: "One of the superiors added to the fast of the Church, forbidding eggs in Lent, and bread at collation. Teresa abolished this, saying, 'What the Church allows and forbids is enough without adding anything.' This probably refers to a letter which St. Teresa wrote to Father Jerome Gratian, in which she says, 'If you approve, will you abolish Father Pedro Hernandez' act forbidding the nuns to eat eggs or bread for collation, as I could never persuade him to change it.'" Miss Mullany evidently concludes that the Saint is speaking of the *lenten* fast. But, according to St. Teresa's Constitutions, while bread is allowed at all collations, the *lenten* fast is "black."

Again, is not Miss Mullany putting the Ignatian *method* of meditation for meditation itself when she says that in St. Teresa's day meditation was practically unknown outside the "Little Company of Jesus?" It is true that we owe to the Soldier Saint a complete and beautiful manner of prayer; but mental prayer itself, both meditative and contemplative, is as old as sanctity.

But these are minor points, which

do not seriously mar the beauty of Miss Mullany's "mosaic," which gives us a picture of one who makes holiness attractive. Saint Teresa of Avila is the spiritual mother of the most winsome of modern Saints, Therese of Lisieux. As we read, we think of the Little Flower, who is the personification of the rule and spirit of Saint Teresa; and we hope that the daughter will lead the interest of many back to the incomparable mother whom Miss Mullany portrays with so much charm.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES: THEOLOGIAN OF LOVE. By Henri Bordeaux of the French Academy. Translated by Sister Benita. Longmans Green and Co., New York. Price: \$2.50.

Ordinarily a biography lends its best efforts to weave about a character the atmosphere of the bygone age in which that person lived. But this is not an ordinary biography. Henri Bordeaux is not satisfied with merely conjuring up those turbulent years of seventeenth century France, and then smugly laying aside his pen; he went further and has reincarnated St. Francis de Sales and permitted him to deliver in his own words a message that has an especial appeal to this generation.

This volume is divided into four books. In the first section we have "The Personality of St. Francis;" in the second, "St. Francis and Love in Marriage;" in the third, "St. Francis and Women of the World;" and in the last, "St. Francis and the Life of the Spirit." The personality of St. Francis gives a sweeping panorama of medieval Savoy. The old Chateau of Thorens stands again upon a beetling crag frowning down upon the verdant valley of Parmelon below; ox-driven carts rumble along the country roads with pantalooned peasants trudging alongside and buxom maids bundled in many petticoats atop the seat; here again is the flash of swords of quick-tempered nobles; the pranks of students of Padua and Paris; and clandestine flirtations in moon-lit gardens. This was Francis's world until he received the Call of the Master. And now he enters upon the career of one of the Church's most brilliant Apostles, bringing to the true faith, after much disheartening and controversial work, thousands of the Swiss citizenry. (On this last point M. Bordeaux is strangely reticent.) Finally he bends under the strain of too great labor and dies calmly and peacefully at Lyons, drawn into Eternity by the bond that always held him close to God—Love.

Recently the infallible Mr. H. G. Wells published in a magazine of mean literary standing, his "Startling Views on Marriage." The impression re-

ceived after reading the article was that the views of Mr. Wells were anything but startling. They consisted of a hodge-podge of Havelock "Ellis" psychology of sex, and Dr. Watson's mechanistic morality. To this modern age the sight of an airplane flying across the sky would have a more shocking effect. But here in M. Bordeaux's book we have a truly startling view under the heading "Love in Marriage." Love, that is, Christian love, is, according to St. Francis, essential to matrimony. Mr. Wells and his ilk must fairly gasp at such rashness! St. Francis is pre-eminent in his analysis of the complexion and psychology of love. One of his major occupations was to introduce it into life through the medium of marriage. Glance at his limpidly clear instructions to the bewildered young wife who has come face to face with the problems of the marital state, and by way of contrast pick up a sheet by one of our prophets of modern femininity—and read it if you can.

As a searcher of character St. Francis would rank with the renowned psycho-analysisists of the day. By his profound understanding of the human heart he paved the way for the psychological subtleties of the contemporary novelist. Our more modern school of realism that recognizes Theodore Drieser and Sinclair Lewis as its masters in the realm of literature, and Doctors Freud and Watson in the psychological domain, all of these can

well afford to study Francis de Sales.

Henri Bordeaux was eminently equipped to essay a life of St. Francis de Sales. Apart from the fact that he is conversant with the writings of the Saint—he is accredited with a comprehensive study of Madame de Charmois, the "Philothea" of the "Introduction to a Devout Life"—his being a member of the French Academy would be sufficient warrant to expect a book of unusual worth.

Monsieur writes in a lucid and arresting style that loses none of its charm in the translation of Sister Benita.

It would be far too expensive a loss for any man and especially any woman to neglect reading this book.

MY WOODLAND FORGE. By Fred'k M. Lynk. The Mission Press, Techny, Ill.

This book of verse derives its somewhat bizarre title from the first poem, in which a secluded religious pictures himself, far from the concourse of men, out beneath the tall pines of a woodland forging golden rhymes. From such a versifier in such a setting one rightly expects unworldly themes, poems about God and the higher things of life. You are not to be disappointed, for Father Lynk's verses gleam brightly with spirituality and poetic inspiration. They are full of feeling, well composed, and gracefully garbed in rhythmical expression.

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RETREAT READINGS. By Edward F. Garesché, S.J. Benziger Bros. New York. Price: \$1.25.

While on retreat we want pleasant, thought-provoking reading about the great business of living rightly and of saving our souls. It is precisely such reading matter that the voluminous Father Garesché offers in this diminutive volume. In it he has expounded the Christian philosophy of life in an interesting albeit brief manner. He convinces us that we can know, love, and serve God only if we "realize" certain fundamental truths. His judgment in arranging and dealing with the matter is excellent. He has given us a little book well calculated to help souls keep their bearings in the journey of life and to fulfill the purpose for which they were created by Almighty God. Meet thoughts for a ripe time. A book that is brief but satisfying. Perhaps the three introductory chapters might have been omitted as irrelevant and a bit incomplete in data.

JUDAS AND JUDE. By Rev. M. A. Chapman, B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis.

Father Michael Andrew Chapman, so well known to readers of the *Sunday Visitor* and *The Acolyte*, has turned biographer and given us in his **JUDAS AND JUDE** two studies of two widely divergent Apostles of Christ. The first is appropriately entitled "Judas, a Study of Possibilities." Herein he traces, in a historic-homiletic style the rise and fall of that faithless disciple. The second is a monograph on that perhaps least known of Christ's Twelve, Jude. Father Chapman gives it the subtitle, "A Study of Contrasts." He pieces the extant and fragmentary data on Saint Jude into a fascinating and satisfying story. In the fifth chapter he gives a resumé of the cult of Saint Jude, chronicling the present phenomenal spread of devotion to that early confessor and martyr. Father Chapman writes in an easy and popular style an accomplishment begot, no doubt, from years of preaching. Thus the book is accommodated to the tastes of all. It is especially recommended to devout clients of St. Jude.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER DRUM, S.J. By Joseph Gorayeb, S.J. Edited by Francis LeBuffe, S. J. America Press, New York. Price: \$3.00

A simple, straightforward presentation of the life events of a public figure of a decade ago. Although Father Walter Drum craved the quiet of Woodstock College, his scholarly attainments, his singular talents and broad experience practically forced him into the open. No matter what the role, he rose superbly and graciously to the occasion.

Whether as preacher, lecturer, writer, he seemed to have concentrated solely upon that one subject.

His versatility resulted from a practical appreciation of his calling; he so developed his manifold character as to be ready to answer the numerous demands made upon a priest. To be prepared for anything at a moment's notice seemed to be Fr. Drum's motto. But it is as a student and teacher of Sacred Scriptures that Fr. Drum is best known. When assigned to this task he embraced it with his accustomed order. His astonishing acquisition of twenty-seven languages is only one indication of his Biblical scholarship. To sift and search for the most apt interpretation of God's written word was almost a preoccupation. But how bitter was his condemnation of those pseudo-professors of Scripture in Protestant seminaries to whom a Hebrew root means more than the faith and worship of Christ.

Through his articles in "Ecclesiastical" and "Homiletic and Pastoral" Re-

views upon controverted scriptural texts, Fr. Drum became known to the clergy at large. How many recall his enthusiastic series upon the "Parousia?" Many have censured him severely for his unyielding and polemical attitude; but in his correspondence with his opponents he constantly assured them of no personal hostility. "His hatred for any interpretation that conceded a comprising point to the rationalists amounted to a passion." His militant nature seemed inherited from his father, Captain John Drum, U. S. A., killed at Santiago.

Father Gorayeb has told the story of his confrère as it objectively appeared to him; no ulterior motive urged him. No attempt at hagiography, a matter of fact account without comment, without apology; he has given us a book of universal appeal. Anyone can open the volume to his own particular profit, abstracting what appeals to him. An encouraging and inspiring tale of whole-hearted service to the cause of Christ and His Church.

Protestant:

Catholic:

Passionist:

Fidelis of the Cross

JAMES KENT STONE

By WALTER GEORGE SMITH, A.M., LL.D.,
and HELEN GRACE SMITH

Of this inspiring biography, the *Charleston Gazette* says: "This book is a record that no religious person, be he Catholic, Jew or Protestant, should be deprived of reading." The story of James Kent Stone, who became a zealous Passionist after having been an Episcopalian minister, is here presented as a compelling spiritual drama.

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THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

I Talk to Myself

AN INFORMAL MEDITATION BY THE EDITOR

FROM time to time I have been asked: Is it really worth while to work so hard and to sacrifice so much for the conversion of the Chinese people?

I answer: IT IS.

There is no such thing as nationality with God, neither does He draw any color line.

Why should I?

My Lord Jesus Christ died for the Chinese as well as for me. They have as much right to His Redemption as I myself have.

If I really love Him, I will do what I can for the salvation of *all* souls.

Nor will I count the cost. Nor will I be disappointed if the results of my work are meagre.

Duty and today are mine. Results and the future are with God.

I have a *personal* obligation to extend the Kingdom of Christ. I have *today* to do that duty in.

In doing it I become a co-worker with Christ. Can there be any higher honor for His professed follower?

To fail in this duty is to commit a sin of omission. It is to waste an opportunity for which I am personally responsible.

It is worse than that. It is to forfeit the high privilege of working *for* Christ and *with* Christ.

He puts Himself under an obligation to me. In a very true sense His success depends upon my cooperation with Him.

Not only does He condescend to accept my service. He actually needs it.

Christ really needs the likes of me.

There is a certain something that I can do for Him that no one else can do.

Will I do it? If I don't do it, it won't be done.

Now, who am I? I am a Catholic. I believe in Jesus Christ. In spite of

all my sins, I hope that I have a little love for Him.

I am the reader of this notice. And I know something of what the good Passionist Missionaries are doing for God in China.

I most heartily approve of their work and I do sincerely hope that their labors will be abundantly blessed.

I appreciate the many and great sacrifices they are so generously making to spread Christ's kingdom.

But my mere approving appreciation will mean little, if anything. I can make it mean much by turning it into spiritual and material help.

I can pray for them. They say that they need many prayers.

I can give them some money, if only a trifle, for the upbuilding of their chapels, schools and hospitals.

The Missionaries will be grateful. They will pay me back in the coin that counts—their prayers, sacrifices and Masses.

Long after I am dead and forgotten, even by my very own, their prayers and those of their successors will commend me to God.

TO PLANT Christ's Cross in China is the ambition of these Missionaries. Could there be a more worthy one? It *must* and *does* appeal to me.

I have done some things *against* Christ. Here is my opportunity of doing something *for* Him.

The something I do may not be much. But it will be something. And, besides, it will prove that I am with Christ and for Him.

Before I forget it, I will copy out the address. Here it is:

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED

[LEGAL TITLE]

Care of THE SIGN

UNION CITY

NEW JERSEY



Letters From Our Missionaries

FRIENDS of the Passionist Missions in China—and we know that every subscriber to *THE SIGN* is a friend—will be pleased to know that on September 20, 1929, three more Missionaries will sail for our mission field in North Hunan, China. These young priests will take the places of Fathers Walter Coveyou, Godfrey Holbein and Clement Seybold, who were so cruelly slain, or rather martyred, by bandits on April 24 of this year. As vocations and financial means increase the Passionist Fathers will continue to send more and more missionaries to China. The outgoing missionaries are Fathers Ronald Norris, Edward Joseph McCarthy and Michael Anthony Campbell.

Father Ronald was born in South Boston, Mass., February 3, 1900. His parents, natives of Ireland, were Michael Walter Norris and Margaret Berrigen. He is the youngest of a family of ten children. His mother died within a year after his birth and his father died in 1925. Before entering the Passionist Preparatory College in Baltimore, he studied in the public schools of South Boston and Dorchester and also attended Boston College High. He took his vows as a Passionist on November 3, 1920, and was ordained to the priesthood in Newark, N. J., March 12, 1927, by Rt. Rev. Pascual Diaz, S.J., now Archbishop of Mex-

More Missionaries For China

ico City. On the occasion of his ordination he volunteered for the Chinese mission field. The two years and more of his priesthood have been largely spent in work for



FATHER RONALD NORRIS

our Passionist students, first as spiritual director of a class in Pittsburgh and afterwards professor of another class in Scranton. In immediate preparation for his work in China he took medical courses in Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh and Boston City Hospital.

FATHER EDWARD JOSEPH, C.P., is also a native of South Boston, where he was born July 9, 1903, of Patrick McCarthy and Mary Ring. Graduating from the Lawrence Grammar School he attended Boston College High School for a year and was then admitted to the Passionist Preparatory College in Baltimore, September, 1918. He was professed as a Passionist on October 12, 1922. Having finished his higher studies in different Passionist monasteries, he was ordained to the holy priesthood in Newark, N. J., by the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, on May 25, 1929. On the fourteenth of the following month he was chosen by his superiors for China. In going to China, Father Edward Joseph bids a long farewell to his mother, Mrs. Mary Mahoney, his stepfather, John Mahoney, his sister Loretta, his brothers, Andrew and Timothy, and also another sister, Sister Lawrence Justinian, a member of the Sisters of Charity, now stationed at Our Lady of Lourdes Convent, Nova Scotia.

Father Michael Anthony, C.P., was



FATHER MICHAEL ANTHONY CAMPBELL, C.P.

born January 26, 1900, in Dorchester, Mass. His parents are John Ray Campbell and Mary Aloysia Gibbons. He was graduated from Boston English High in 1918, and, having finished the freshman year at Boston College, he entered the Passionist Order on August 5, 1922. A year later, September 9, he became a professed member of the Order. He was ordained to the priesthood, May 25, 1929, by Rt. Rev. Thomas Walsh, Bishop of Newark. With Fathers Ronald and Edward, he took an intensive medical course in Georgetown University in the summer of this year. Father Michael Anthony's nearest relatives are his mother and father, two brothers and one sister.

It is quite impossible for those who know these young priests intimately to withhold sincere admiration for the cheerfulness with which they have dedicated themselves to the arduous work of the Chinese missions. From the experiences, often harrowing, of our missionaries in China, they know that their future ministry will prove no bed of roses. In fact, they are convinced that the immediate sacrifice they are making in leaving relatives and home—and a great sacrifice it is—is only the beginning of a new life, every day of which will bring its own hardships. Let us give them the help of our fervent and continued prayers, and let us not forget that they have need of financial help not for their own wants but for their pioneer mission work.

Father Godfrey Holbein, C. P.

ON APRIL 24, 1929, death claimed Father Godfrey of Jesus, C.P., one of our most zealous missionaries laboring in China. The lifelong ambition of this fervent priest was realized and his most earnest and persevering prayer heard, when he suffered death at the hands of bandits.

Father Godfrey was born in Baltimore, Md., on February 4, 1899, of Frank L. Holbein and Mary Kelly. In baptism he received the name of Claude. His father died when Father Godfrey was a mere child. Father Godfrey is survived by his aged mother, four sisters and his brother, Frank. Two of his sisters, Sisters M. Clotilde and M. Hildegard, are

By A CONFRERE

nuns of the Order of Mercy. The other two are Mrs. J. Garvey and Mrs. W. J. Quinn.

Father Godfrey received his early education in St. Joseph's School, Baltimore, from which he graduated in June, 1911. In August of the same year, he entered the Passionist Preparatory College at Dunkirk, N. Y. On May 15, 1916, he was clothed with the Passionist habit and in the following year, May 16, 1917, made his religious vows.

His novitiate year at Pittsburgh being completed, Father Godfrey was sent to our Monastery at Scranton,

from which he was transferred to join his class at St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, Boston, Mass. After a year spent in Boston, he was again sent to Scranton, where he finished his philosophical and part of his theological studies, and later was sent to our Monastery of St. Michael, Union City, N. J.

Just before the conclusion of his studies Father Godfrey volunteered for the missions in China, earnestly begging his superiors for this favor, "Because," as he himself said, "I love Christ and I want to make Him known and loved by those poor pagans." On August 15, 1923, he was sent to St. Paul's, Pitts-

burgh, to make immediate preparation to fit himself for the duties of a foreign missionary. He showed real talent in the medical work taken up under the able direction of our late benefactor, Dr. Rectenwald, which training stood him in good stead later on in the missions.

FATHER GODFREY was raised to the priesthood by the Right Rev. Hugh Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh, on the Feast of Saints Simon and Jude, October 28, 1923. He received minor orders at the hands of the Rt. Reverend Paul Nusbaum, C.P.

Father Godfrey was engaged for a time in the work of the ministry in the Pittsburgh diocese, in the fields entrusted to the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. He manifested more than ordinary oratorical ability in the work of making known the cause of the Foreign Missions to our American Catholics and his appeals on behalf of the missions was answered with gratifying results. The fire with which the young Levite spoke could not but enkindle in the hearts of his hearers a personal interest in the "Cause of Christ in Fields Afar."

He was one of the thirteen priests of the fourth band of Passionists sent to China. He sailed from San Francisco on the steamer, President Wilson, on July 22, 1924. Having completed a safe but trying trip, due to excessive heat, he arrived at our mission in Shenchow. There he remained for almost an entire year, keeping the full Monastic observance while engaged in the study of the most discouraging of languages. In spite of the difficulties, he studied most earnestly, applying himself with more than ordinary diligence, knowing that the salvation of souls for whom he sacrificed all depended much on his working knowledge of the Chinese language.

In July of 1925, Father Godfrey received his first mission appointment. He set out for Supu to be assistant to Father Flavian Mullins, C.P. He there continued the study of the language, in the interim visiting the Christians of the Supu district and ministering to the physical as well as their spiritual needs.

Forced to leave his mission at Supu during the Bolshevik trouble, he was heartbroken to think that he was possibly losing his one grand opportunity of giving his life for the salvation of souls. After a prolonged

exile in Hankow and Shanghai, due to political conditions and poor health, he at last was permitted to return to the missions in Hunan. He was stationed at Shenchowfu where he did excellent work and proved himself a most capable and zealous missionary. The entire responsibility of the mission rested on his shoulders at times, especially during the trying days when some 50,000 defeated troops, many of them Bolsheviks, retreated to Shenchow. During those days Father Godfrey managed to protect the mission at Shenchow from the destruction by the defeated armies. He had also been in temporary charge of our missions at Liulingcha and Wuki. In all his work he was ever a zealous priest, a self-sacrificing missionary. His countenance lighted up with holy joy when he was privileged to baptize a Chinese, espe-

cially during the trying days of famine. His was a most pleasing character. The multitude of his friends and the sorrow with which they heard the sad news of his death are proof positive of this. A more agreeable, a more priestly character, one would go far to seek. The same beautiful traits that attracted our Catholic brethren in the States also attracted the Chinese, pagan and Christian alike.

WITH hopes of doing much good among the people of Kienyang during his intended stay there, Father Godfrey left Chenki Mission on the morning of April 23, 1929. He was so on fire with zeal that to him it was a real sorrow to see so many souls to be saved and so few taking advantage of the opportunity offered by the presence of the priests and



FATHER EDWARD JOSEPH MCCARTHY, C.P.

sisters among them. A feature of missionary life which was a real trial to him who desired to be ever engaged in the conversion of the pagan or in the direct works of the ministry was the amount of time that one must spend entertaining Chinese officials or gentry of the town, who so often come to visit our Catholic Missions. Time means nothing to the Chinese in this part of China; hence they often try one's patience by sitting and talking for hours. Much as Father Godfrey might feel like excusing himself and going on with his work, he never manifested any impatience but was always most sociable and obliging no matter how long the unwelcome visit dragged on.

TO ACTIVE zeal, Father Godfrey added the gift and spirit of prayer. He had a tender and great devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Could the walls of the little chapel in our house in Shenchow speak, they would tell most eloquently of the many and fervent visits made to our dear Lord; for in his joys as in his sorrows, Father Godfrey made our Sacramental King his Confidant.

His devotion to the Sacred Passion was no less intense. It has been said that he had made a private vow

to make daily the Way of the Cross. Even after a hard day's travel in the saddle he would be found in the chapel absorbed in prayer as he traversed the sorrowful way to Calvary.

To these beautiful virtues of zeal and devotion, Father Godfrey added that mark of the true disciple of Jesus Christ, fraternal charity. He knew that love for God without love for the neighbor is vain. Those who had the privilege of living with him for years realized that an uncharitable word uttered in his presence was enough to depress his usually good spirits. On several occasions it was noticed that only a slight dimming of this Christlike virtue of charity would cause him to excuse himself and leave the company. In a word, his refined nature suffered more on such occasions just because he was such a refined gentleman and a priestly priest of the Most High. One would never tire describing the beautiful traits and holy virtues of the character whom one of his brethren has described as "the most lovable character he had ever met."

Others have told of the extraordinary prayer that was Father Godfrey's. I refer to his prayer to be granted the privilege of shedding his

blood for the conversion of the poor pagans. This desire for martyrdom is thus expressed in a letter written to a Passionist nun:

"**N**ow your beautiful and welcome letter rejoiced my—shall I call it weary heart! To be assured that one, and that one a darling Sister closeted in the close intimacy of the Spouse, of Jesus Crucified, is supporting me by the strength of her prayers and sacrifices, is indeed more than a consolation. God be praised and blest for giving you to me. And you, my dear Sister, accept my thanks for adopting me as a brother, the very unworthy.

"My mother is well now, thanks be to God. She left the hospital shortly after I left the States. I suppose she shall never be healthy again, as she is quite old—almost seventy. I being the youngest of the family, she felt my departure keenly but most resignedly. She saw me ordained and attended my first Mass and that was the realization of all her desires. That over, she was willing to sing her 'Nunc Dimitis.'

"Reading between the lines of your letter, I see that you have a devotion to the Little Flower. Am I correct? I hope so. She is my 'Little Pet.'



A MEDICINE MAN SELLING HIS WARES IN THE MARKET OF LUNGSHAN

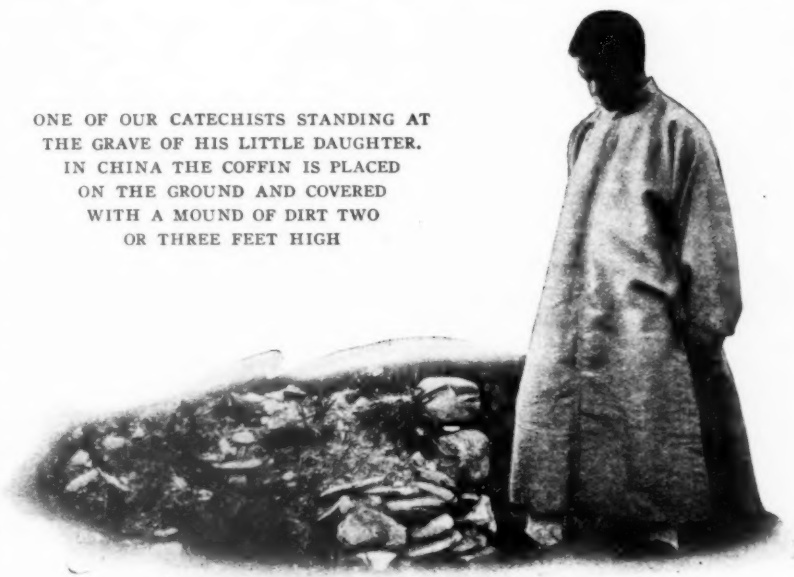
Please pray to her for me that I may follow in her little way. Please pray to her also that she help me soon to master the language. Needless to say it is very difficult. I have been somewhat held back since Christmas, because of illness. So, pray fervently to her for me. Yes, I most willingly agree to that contract. I shall make a memento for you at Holy Mass. And I know you will pray fervently for your brother. God bless you.

"Please pray, the Will of God being done, that I may receive the great desire of my life and heart—to die the death of an Apostle—Holy Martyrdom. If the blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christians, and it is, we need martyrs here. But in some way to be worthy of that great grace, I must live a martyr's life. Keep this my desire secret, please. Pray for me, my dear Sister, and be assured that you shall not be forgotten in the prayers of,

"Your devoted brother,
"GODFREY, C.P."

OUR hearts are sad in losing so delightful a companion, so zealous an apostle, so dear a lover of Christ and His Mother. But he has gone before us with the beautiful ex-

ONE OF OUR CATECHISTS STANDING AT
THE GRAVE OF HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.
IN CHINA THE COFFIN IS PLACED
ON THE GROUND AND COVERED
WITH A MOUND OF DIRT TWO
OR THREE FEET HIGH



ample of the virtues we daily need to practise. Most of all has he gone before us in the Spirit of religious obedience, for he was like to the dear Lord Himself, "obedient unto death." Going to a new mission at the call of obedience, he was captured by ban-

ditions, led to another Calvary and there, after seeing his two companions ruthlessly slain, he too was privileged to make the supreme sacrifice of self as Christ had done before him—setting us an example that we may also follow in his footsteps.

Father Clement Seybold, C. P.

By RUPERT LANGENBACHER, C.P.

IT WAS the morning of May the fourth. A white Oriental sun was darting its penetrating rays over the crooked streets and mud-tiled roofs of Shenchow, when from the main entrance of the Catholic Mission a long funeral cortege filed forth. Perhaps never before in the long life of this ancient city had the inhabitants witnessed so large a funeral procession. The many mourners included every department of the mission compound and Christians from far and near. Tiny tots from the nursery were there; orphans were there, together with the blind and the halt. Present, too, were youths and maidens, old men and women whose life's day was fast deepening into the dark shades of night. And finally, aspirants to holy orders, and nuns, and priests were there.

One of the three Passionist Fathers who had been slain by outlaw hands was Father Clement of St. Michael. Less than a week be-

fore death's summons, Father Clement together with twelve of his brethren had concluded the annual retreat at Shenchow. Immediately at the close of the spiritual exercises he began preparations to return to Yuanchow. It was his intention to relieve the pastor of that mission, Father Timothy McDermott, that he might come down to Shenchow for the second retreat scheduled to open on May 7. The story of how Father Clement, Walter and Godfrey met their death at the hands of bandits has already been told in THE SIGN.

FATHER CLEMENT, a native of New York State, was born in Dunkirk, April 18, 1896, the son of Simon and Mary Seybold. He was baptized in St. Mary's Church, and, in the light of subsequent events, was given the fitting name of Lawrence,

that of the early Roman Martyr. In the summer of 1914, he entered the Passionist Preparatory College at Baltimore, Md. Even in those first days of preparation for the holy priesthood he evinced those admirable traits of character that were to remain with him throughout life. Lawrence Seybold was known to all his fellow students as a quiet, undemonstrative sort of youth; never appearing to excel in any one branch of science or work, yet in none of them was he merely mediocre. He was diligent in his studies; obedient to the slightest dictate of his Director; exact in the fulfillment of his religious duties, and universal in his charity. But so well did he succeed in hiding his manifold virtues under the cloak of a humble and modest demeanor that at no time did he appear to differ greatly from his companions.

At the end of three years' residence in the College, together with others of his classmates he entered the

Novitiate of St. Paul of the Cross at Pittsburgh, Pa. Here, too, he passed the allotted period of probation without manifesting any singularity whatsoever—reserved but not over so; always employed without appearing hasty; cheerful yet never boisterous; spiritual but alien to affectation.

THE year of trial ended, Lawrence Seybold, as such, died to the outside world. And in his place there was now known only Confrater [Brother] Clement of St. Michael. Again a fitting name had been bestowed upon him. One who had been constantly with him throughout nine years in preparation for the reception of holy orders testifies that never once in so long a period of time did he manifest anger, jealousy, impatience or revenge. Under countless trying conditions he ever remained mild, calm, unruffled. A record truly that perhaps few might lay claim to.

From Pittsburgh Confrater Clement was transferred to Scranton, Pa., to again apply himself to study, and in particular to the sciences of philosophy and theology. During the three years spent in our Monastery of St. Ann his life was again not characterized in any special way. His superiors found him a docile subject; his professors, an earnest student. With his companions he seemed to look on it as his just right to shoulder a generous part of their manual burdens. Whether it was in beautifying the monastery lawn, plowing the fields or jarring fruits and vegetables in the kitchen, Confrater Clement could always be found doing the lion's share of the work.

The student body of Scranton was next sent to Union City, N. J., there to complete their studies prior to ordination. It was while there in St. Michael's Monastery that the Very Rev. Father Provincial requested volunteers for the Passionist Chinese Mission in Northwest Hunan. No one appeared surprised that Confrater Clement should be found amongst those determined on to go. In fact, he seemed suitable to fit in any place or any kind of work. In order to send the new recruits better fitted into the mission field they were sent to Pittsburgh to take a brief course in medicine.

On the morning of October 28, 1923, Father Clement, with eight companions, were ordained at St.

Vincent's Benedictine Abbey in Beatty, Pa., by Right Rev. Hugh Boyle, D.D. About nine months later, being joined by Father Cuthbert of the Eastern Province and four recently ordained priests of the Western Province, the unusually large missionary band of thirteen took passage on the President Wilson at San Francisco, and docked at Shanghai on August 12, 1924. After several weeks' travelling the missionaries arrived safely at Shenchow, Hunan, where the central mission of the Pas-

ing application, but nothing daunted, he stuck to the task, even though his best efforts seemed to yield but a sparing harvest.

A year later when the youthful missionaries received their mission appointment, Father Clement was assigned to Kienyang as assistant to Father Quentin Olwell. In this thriving mission he labored zealously for four years. Later on he was transferred to Yuanchow as co-helper to Father Timothy McDermott, remaining there until his untimely death, April 24, 1929.

What, may be asked, was characteristic of him during almost five years of apostolic work? Nothing more or less than those traits that marked him as postulant, novice, student and priest. His soul's interests always held the highest place. Even during the heterogeneous duties of foreign mission life, Father Clement kept faithfully to a fixed rule of living. His Divine Office was always said with the greatest reverence and devotion. His meditation and spiritual reading were as much a part of his day as was the celebration of Holy Mass. No matter how tired or pressed by work the time allotted for the preparation and thanksgiving for the Sacred Mystery was never omitted or shortened.

He never ceased to study hard in order to speak the word of God in Chinese. To this end he translated numerous sermons, writing them out in phonetics and Chinese characters. His spirit of charity was never outdistanced by his desire for learning. No journey was too long or tedious if a fellow-priest stood in need of assistance. No danger could deter him in coming to the aid of members of his flock. His was a life given to God by sacrifice and to his neighbor by charity.

OR was it because he knew no interior suffering that Father Clement could remain outwardly unperturbed amidst the countless cares of mission life. On the contrary, there is evidence at hand disclosing the fact that his soul had its many hours of darkness and aridity. Some of the more discerning of the Chinese Christians gave witness to this when they said, *Tatik'u ti shin ta teh hen* (His spirit of suffering was very great). He made big sacrifices with a smile and his crosses he bore in silence.

As a fitting conclusion to this



THIS WUKI LADY HAS NOT TIME TO "STUDY DOCTRINE." BESIDES SHE IS NOT GIVEN TO LITERARY PURSUITS

sionist Fathers is located. Almost immediately classes were begun for the study of the difficult Chinese language. Father Clement, like the rest of his brethren, soon discovered that progress depended on unrelent-

account of so loyal a son of St. Paul of the Cross, we quote the words of one who knew him long and intimately:

"I am convinced that we have a Saint and a Martyr in Heaven today.

He is Fr. Clement. Of his sanctity in a heroic degree I was long convinced even before God granted him the opportunity of making the supreme sacrifice of his life. If, then, he was so dear to God before his

death, what must he be now! In confidence we are all turning to Father Clement to help us here in our work for souls, feeling that he shall constitute himself our most powerful protector and patron."

Lungtan's Paganism

By JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P.

THE following narration will be of interest to the readers of *THE SIGN*. They will be as much surprised to hear of this unusual occurrence as I was personally to witness it.

I must preface my story with a few remarks about The Festivities of the Chinese Lunar New Year. These celebrations are not unusual over here as they are annual. I mean especially the pagan custom of carrying lighted lanterns, representing dragons or serpents or lions, in procession through the towns during the first fifteen days of the first month of the New Year. Commonly, these lantern processions are carried through the town only by men and boys; women I have never seen taking active part in these festivities.

Here in Lungtan this year there was an extraordinary number of lantern processions. No doubt, many of our good friends would be "on edge" to have to sit and listen in to such *radio* outside one's door. I mean to say that during these processions we have all kinds of cymbal

and dishpan walloping and tin-can noises, accompanying the yells and whoops of those who take part in the procession, not to mention the shouts of joy of the mob who follow after the procession. Many of these lantern processions had come here from small country places within a radius of fifteen miles.

After marching through the streets in Lungtan for five or six hours, to the tune of shooting crackers and all kinds of noises, these benighted and tired pagans must walk as many miles to their homes the same night, likely as not have to put in a hard day's work on the farm the next day, and then the next night and for as many as ten nights carry on with such superstitious lantern parades!

At this writing we are in the second month and fifteenth day of the Lunar Chinese Year. Long since the New Year celebrations have come to an end. Those celebrations are usually over by the middle of the first

lunar month. What was my surprise then to hear all that noise and dragon processions and dishpan walloping start all over again the other day. And it is continuing. Even as I write they are carrying on just outside my door, by the side of the stream! Usually processions are carried on at night, but the present crowd are carrying on from early morning to midnight. And these present processions are not only carried on here in town but all over the countryside. What is the greatest surprise and shock not only to myself but even to many of the Chinese themselves, is the bold fact that the members of these processions are not masculine but feminine gender. Unlike the New Year lantern parades, the present ones burn a great deal of incense stick as they march along; I should say hobble along, as the little girls and the middle aged and old ladies manage somehow to do so on small bound feet! The readers of *THE SIGN* are aware that according to the old but now forbidden custom of the Chinese, the girls



AN ORDINARY SCENE AT THE MARKET PLACE IN LUNGSHAN



CITY HALL IN LUNGSHAN. AT THE LEFT IS THE PRISON

when young were forced to have their feet bound in such a way as to reduce the size of the foot more than by half. Yet these poor women who usually can travel no great distance, are taking part as the lantern bearers in the processions!

This unusual occurrence of women actively engaging at this unusual time in dragon lantern processions aroused my curiosity. It was only on last St. Patrick's Day towards evening when many of those lantern processions formed by hobbling women were entering the town, that my curiosity was satisfied.

The processions are not gala day celebrations but religious pagan worship of their gods. The Chinese Taoist religion worships a god who is supreme in the heavens called Yu Hwang. The Chinese Buddhist religion worships a goddess called Kwan Yin, the mother of mercy!

Now, the sins of the peoples of the earth call forth the wrath of the supreme god, or idol, of the heavens, namely Yu Hwang, and so this god determines to slay all men and boys and thus exterminate the peoples of the earth! In steps the female goddess (of the Buddhists) Kwan Yin, mother of mercy, to intercede with Yu Hwang (the supreme god of the Taoists). Says she to

Yu Hwang, "Punish not further on the earth! The males have all already perished from the face of the earth, Do you not believe? Then, come and see and look down on the people of the earth, None but women remain. See for yourself! Why, even the Dragon Lantern Processions are participated in only by women, the lantern bearers are all women and girls, and this strange occurrence in the Middle Kingdom (China) be-

cause the men are no more. So punish no further."

It is to Kwan Yin's and to their own deceit that these poor pagans believe they have been saved from the wrath of Yu Hwang.

THE conversion of people who believe in such nonsense is no easy task. I beg the help of THE SIGN readers for the Little Flower Mission, Lungtan, Hunan, China.

The Magi of The Passion

[FATHERS WALTER COVEYOU, GODFREY HOLBEIN AND CLEMENT SEYBOLD, PASSIONISTS MARTYRED IN CHINA]

By P. J. GRANNEY

The Saving Cross their beacon flame,
These Magi of The Passion came;
"Was not Our King in Orient born?
Why then must China be forlorn?"

They reasoned thus: they furrowed deep
The land entwined in heathen sleep;
But like the blossoms' vernal snow
They left—no vintage would they know.

In exile here: another way
Would bring them to Eternal Day;
The Path of Martyrdom for God—
This was the road *these* Magi trod.

One Thing After Another

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

THOSE were happy days for half the missionaries here when they met for their annual retreat in Shenchow last April. Little did we think at that time that tragedy was so close at hand. At the end of the retreat the three priests who had arrived from America last November were given their first appointments. Father Walter was assigned to Kienyang with Father Godfrey. Father Francis was to remain at Shenchow. I was to go with Father Agatho to Yungshun.

The boat that was to take the two of us for part of the journey to Yungshun was scheduled to leave Shenchow about six o'clock in the morning. But "schedule" means nothing to the Chinese. We finally got started about eleven A. M.

From Shenchow to Yungshun is no mean journey, at least for a tyro. Four days and three nights spent in our good-sized rowboat brought us to Wangtsun, Father Basil's station. We availed ourselves of his hospitality for one night. He keeps "open house" for every missionary coming to his mission.

Then followed one day of eleven hours by mule! We arrived in Yungshun about 6 P. M., very, very tired. Much as we wanted to take a good rest, there was very little opportunity, for Father Constantine (who arrived here a few hours previously) was very sick and needed all our attention. We had to watch him day and night. Father Agatho, Father Caspar and myself took four-hour shifts. After three days, during my shift and while I was the only one with him, he died. The end was sudden and unexpected. In fact, we thought he was improving somewhat and his death was a terrible shock.

The following day Father Agatho accompanied the remains to Shenchow. In the evening of the same day Father Caspar, whose place I was to take, and I were taking our supper when a man came running in from the nearest mission with the terrible news of the capture and murder of three of our priests. One of them was Father Walter—he who led the little band of three priests to the mission field last fall. I shall not go into details about the death of these Fathers, because by this time you must know all about it. The people

in the States received the sad news before we did, for there is no telegraphic connection from our headquarters to our mission in this "neck of the woods," and we depend on the mail or on "carriers" or "runners" to bring us the news.

The death of the four priests was not the end of our troubles. The pastor of Yungshun, Father Agatho,

had gone to Shenchow and was due back here in about two weeks. He did start on this journey, but after having finished three-fourths of it, decided it would be better for him to return to Shenchow. He felt quite ill. At the Yungshun mission he could get no more medical attention than Fathers Caspar and myself could give him, whereas in Shenchow Sister Finan and the other Sisters of Charity would be able to give him excellent care.



THE MANDARIN OF LUNGSHAN WITH FATHERS NICHOLAS AND BASIL



OUR SISTERS OF CHARITY WITH SOME OF THEIR CHARGES AT SHENCHOW

I received orders to proceed still further into the interior, together with Father Basil, to a place called Lungshan — Father Constantine's former mission. It is from Lungshan than I write this letter to the readers of *THE SIGN*. We are forced to close this mission, having no priest to take care of it. The two of us are attending to this affair, which entails transfer of goods (which must be *carried* to the nearest mission, three days' walking) and of mission inmates, settling property questions, etc. It certainly keeps us busy.

Yesterday the mail (which gets here every three days) brought us more bad news. We were told that three other priests are also sick.

Father Basil and I are getting a slight taste ourselves of what banditry means, right here in Lungshun. About three days after we arrived here we called on the Mandarin, according to Chinese custom, and paid him our respects. During the course of the conversation we mentioned our intention of visiting a certain temple, about five miles outside the city, which is the head temple for the Buddhists in Hunan, and quite famous. But the Mandarin told us

that under no circumstances were we to leave the city unless he first notified us, or until such time as he could have the road cleared of bandits. There are more than a hundred bandits a mile or two outside the city. Should we decide to return to our own missions before the bandits have been cleared out, he will give us a guard of soldiers.

When a bandit is caught here short work is made of him. The day before yesterday three of them were caught and executed immediately. The execution being a public affair, I went to see it. The three men, bare to the waist and hands tied on back, were taken outside the city gate, made to kneel down, and then, with one stroke of the sword, their heads came off. It was a gruesome sight, you can imagine, to see the heads rolling for several feet and the bodies falling over. Yet, as each head came off, the Chinese clapped their hands to show their approval of the justice (?) done and their admiration for the skill of the executioner. Still not all the Chinese spectators were interested in the execution. They were too busy watching me trying to take some pictures of the affair. An execution is a com-

mon thing; they had seen them before, and will probably see them again. But to see a "foreigner" taking pictures with his strange contraption is not an every-day occurrence. Evidently I was as much an attraction as the bandits who were being executed.

The following day four more bandits were put to death. The remains of two of those executed the day before were still lying as they had fallen, and this was the sight that greeted the four condemned men as they were led to the same spot. I did not witness the second execution. One was enough; in fact one time too much. We did go to the death-field a few hours later to take some pictures. Even that has no more attraction, and while there is another execution today, I'll neither go to see it nor take any more pictures.

We beg the good readers of *THE SIGN* to keep us in their prayers. Pray that the Lord may soon send other priests to take the places of those who sacrificed their lives for the cause of Christ Crucified in China. Pray that the tragic death of the four priests may be the cause of many conversions to our holy faith.

Exceptionally Important

I HAVE just finished reading a letter from Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. His Eminence is the great leader of that valiant Army of Christ which is advancing into the various countries of the world, intent upon the conversion of pagans and infidels.

The Cardinal considers the present an exceptionally important period for the Church here in China. Perhaps it is such, not only for the Church in China but for the Church throughout the entire world.

Strange as it may seem, there are many people who today would contradict Cardinal Van Rossum and uphold the exactly opposite opinion. Without doubt many of this class, when they heard of the murder of our dear brother priests, asked, "If the Chinese act in that fashion why send American priests to China?" It may gratify the feelings of some of these to know that they are but echoing the thoughts of some native Communist perverts right here in China. While the very sad funeral of our four co-workers was passing through

By CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P.

the streets on its way to Cemetery Hill, one who listened could have heard remarks such as this, "Served the foreign devils right!"

Thanks be to God, the number who gave voice to such like sentiments were few and, I believe, residents of Shenchow. This city was exceptionally besmirched with communistic propaganda as was no other place in our district. I honestly believe that elsewhere but few such malicious remarks were made. By far the majority of the people, ranging from local war lords to ordinary laborers, were sincerely moved to sympathy and were almost dumbfounded at the thought that bandits should have gone so far as to actually kill our priests. The General at Yung-sui was highly incensed. All of which should bring home to the readers of *THE SIGN* the fact that Hunanese bandits are not the Chinese people any more than the thugs of any large American city could be classified as the American people. God bless the Chinese people and save

them from the hands of criminals.

Not so long ago many people were saying, "At present there are no prospects for the Church in China." I myself have heard such remarks. Now comes Cardinal Van Rossum who says that "The present is an exceptionally important period for the future of the Church of God." I agree with him and from personal experience in one of the hardest and most difficult Mission fields in the world, I am convinced that His Eminence is right.

EVERYWHERE God's children need God's guidance. Where else can they find this guidance but in the infallible doctrine revealed by God Himself and preserved unchanged for all time in the Divinely guarded and guided Catholic Church. Whenever God's children, as a nation or as individuals, are passing through times of special trial or making an important change in their lives, it is then that they are in an especial need of the presence and help of God's Church.

Not long ago poor China was overrun by Russian Communists and the



FATHER NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS AND SOME CHRISTIANS OF THE LUNGSHAN MISSION. THIS MISSION WAS FOUNDED BY THE LATE FATHER CONSTANTINE LEACH, C.P.



FATHER PAUL AND HIS CLASS OF NEWLY BAPTIZED

country became virtually the diplomatic battling ground of all the nations of the world. Red Russia was in the China nursery, teaching young China some very bad tricks. The whole world watched in almost inert fear. Many nations were represented on the scene. Some, in their representatives, were rather roughly handled by the squirming infant fool held tight in Russian arms. England, which has done much good for China as well as some harm, lost her concessions before young China suddenly grew to manhood, plucked the Russian's beard, spanked him and sent him scuffling off to Moscow.

THIS was a trying time for the people of China. Thanks be to God, the Church stood fast through it all, as widely spread as the Communist propaganda itself, making the voice of the truth heard wherever treacherous deception raised its cry: "One consistent opposition throughout the whole of China!" No man-made statistics will ever be able to tell what the heaven of two and a half million baptized Catholics has meant to China, nor what it has contributed to the safety of the world.

Now China is starting off on a new road of government, education and natural-resource development. Truly a great turnover for the Celestial Kingdom that has been standing practically unchanged for centuries.

For some time a serious effort has attempted to affect a change in changeless China. It is far more than a mere change in political allegiance or the drafting of a new Constitution. Those who are blinded by such a comparison can never understand the true situation here. Whatever the result of this change, China is going to need its One True God, "The Venerable Ancient One of the Sky," during the process.

Whoever has done anything to further the work of God in this populous land should feel gratified and rejoice in the blessing that has come upon the work. At present there are eight Chinese dioceses conducted entirely by native bishops and priests. There are 1203 native priests and more than 2,000 seminarians. There

are in China 225 native Brothers, 1823 native Sisters and two and a half million Catholics—more Catholics than there are in England today.

What China needs most at the present time is prayer. We must all pray hard, pray harder now than ever before. Prayers are needed far above anything else if our work is to be successful. There are millions of souls here in China today who do not want the Catholic Church but how they need it! I refer now in particular to just the few localities where I have lived. It is true that in the larger towns it is the majority, while they do not oppose the Church, think that they can get along without it. They sincerely respect the Catholic Church for its corporal works of mercy and their ever-spoken phrase is reminiscent of what was said of the Master Himself: The Catholic Church "goes about doing good." But there is no opening of the heart to understanding. There is only one means that can be used to overcome this attitude of mind and you, the reader, whether you be priest, Religious or layman, know what it is. God Himself must open their hearts, and we must ask Him to do it. The prayers of one lone and lowly priest here in China may avail little, but where thousands and thousands "are gathered together in His Name" in the fair and highly blessed land of America, their multiplied intercessory power must prevail in bringing about the conversion of China.

In conclusion, on my bended knees do I beg of the readers of THE SIGN that they pray unceasingly that God may bless our missionary efforts, that they make sacrifices to prove the sincerity of their prayers, and that, in accordance with their means, each will contribute a mite to the financial upkeep of this grand and glorious work of saving souls.

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Gemma's League

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particularly way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

THE METHOD: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular as well as many members of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

OBLIGATIONS: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual* society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

THE REWARDS: One who has the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love. However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| Masses Said | 61 |
| Masses Heard | 54,342 |
| Holy Communions | 15,608 |
| Visits to Blessed Sacrament | 45,547 |
| Spiritual Communions | 151,416 |
| Benediction Services | 9,154 |
| Sacrifices, Sufferings | 49,011 |
| Stations of the Cross | 14,528 |
| Visits to the Crucifix | 35,888 |
| Beads of the Five Wounds | 32,649 |
| Offerings of Precious Blood | 264,972 |
| Visits to Our Lady | 27,257 |
| Rosaries | 40,935 |
| Beads of the Seven Dolors | 11,749 |
| Ejaculatory Prayers | 2,086,060 |
| Hours of Study, Reading | 19,256 |
| Hours of Labor | 65,318 |
| Acts of Kindness, Charity | 41,031 |
| Acts of Zeal | 253,856 |
| Prayers, Devotions | 416,024 |
| Hours of Silence | 40,767 |
| Various Works | 80,162 |
| Holy Hours | 267 |

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MONSIGNOR BOGAN
REV. H. J. MAYER
FATHER FAHEY
SISTER MARY DAPPER
JOHN BURNS
MARY O'CONNELL
WILLIAM HOFFMAN
KATHERINE DEVINE
VERONICA MINKUS
WILLIAM H. MESSMER

EDWARD BUCKLEY
LUCY M. BUCKLEY
MRS. E. BATTLE
MARTIN M. FAHEY
MARGARET PEYTON
DENNIS MCGINNIS
JAMES P. O'RIOURDAN
KATHERINE SCANLON
BRIDGET C. CAULFIELD
LOUIS RUBES
JOHN H. RAY
TERESA V. MARTIN
ELLEN A. McKENNA
CATHERINE SHEEHAN
MARY O'NEILL
WILLIAM PURCELL CHAWK
MARY MOORE
SARAH HEANY
SARAH BOYLE SHANNON
GENEVIEVE SHALTZHAM

WILLIAM MORRIS
EDWARD E. REINSEL
N. F. BLATT
MARGARET DUGAN
MARGARET MUNDY
MRS. M. F. JOHNSON
KATHERINE MCGURL
LENORA MCINTYRE
JOSEPH TARANTO
JUSTINA HELLER
JOHN F. DOLAN
MARY BEESBURG
WINIFRED BELL
JAMES ARTHUR
THOMPSON
JACOB YOUNG
MICHAEL SAX
HANNAH TWOMEY
ANNIE NEUMAN

MARY FLYNN
DANIEL F. SHEA
MRS. J. C. STAMM
THOMAS A. MURRAY
HANNAH CULLEN
HENRY JOSEPH MEHMEST
DELIA O'DONNELL
MRS. JUSTINE WEHLING
JAMES KEEGAN

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

*The School of Dentistry
Announces the Opening of the
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Chairs. Most Modern equipment throughout.

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W. N. Cogan, D.D.S., F.A.C.D., Dean

The thirty-four Government Libraries, containing over two million books
and pamphlets, give the student exceptional advantages. By the authority
of Congress these facilities are made accessible to all students of higher
learning in the District of Columbia. The research facilities of the Bureau
of Standards offer many opportunities to ambitious Dental Students.

OUR representative has called at the Brunswick
Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City,
N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the
Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished
to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he
has found over 850 Employees, cheerful, healthy and
satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers.
Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see
for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The
Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to
all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this
firm to our readers.

*Who Will Die
Tonight?*

THOUSANDS! Who they
shall be, no one knows.
I, myself, may be among
them. From my heart
I pray God that when the sum-
mons comes, no matter when or
where, I may be ready to give an
account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my
affairs. The things that concern
my soul are of chief importance
and must come first. I have to-
day in which to get ready. To-
night may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I
must look after my worldly
affairs. Have I made my will?
What do I wish to become of my
property? Even though I have
very little to leave, I should give
some of it to God's service.

**Legal Form for Drawing
up Your Will**

*I hereby give and bequeath to
PASSIONIST MISSIONS, IN-
CORPORATED, a Society ex-
isting under the laws of the State
of NEW JERSEY, the sum of*

.....
(\$.....) for the purpose of
the Society, as specified in the Act
of Incorporation. And I hereby
direct my executor to pay said
sum to the Treasurer of PAS-
SIONIST MISSIONS, IN-
CORPORATED, taking his re-
ceipt therefor within
months after my demise.

*In witness whereof I have
hereunto set my hand this.....*

.....day of
.....19 ..

Signed.....
Witness.....
Witness.....
Witness.....

Her Irish Heritage. By Annie M. P. Smithson. **\$1.85**

A healthy story about Dublin life as it really is.

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